Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 33.

THE PROPERTY OF THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIB

Contents of To-day's Paper.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT—	page
Camden and Philadelphia Fall Races	390
Baltimore (Md.) Fall Races	391
Louisville (Ky.) Fall Races	"
Mecklenburgh (Va.) Fall Races	"
Tree Hill (Va.) Fall Races	"
Lafayette (Mo.) Fall Races	"
Match between Boston and Wagner	390
On Dits in Sporting Circles	"
A Few more Things in Quebec	391
Old Races Overhauled	392
The Mississippi Turf	"
The Great Race at Louisville—by "N. of Arkansas"	391
Ashland Course, Tenn.	"
Deception—Winner of the Oaks, 1839	392
English Sporting Intelligence	385

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT—	page
Things Theatrical for the Week	396
Extract of a Letter from Paris	"
The Park Operatic Troupe	"
Western Theatricals	"
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	
The Fetes of July	386
The Man on the Mast	387
The Fly-Fisher's Text Book	"
MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.	
The Talking Canary	394
To my Durham	"
Hiring a Street Door	"
A Good Shot	"
AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.	
Cattle for the New York Market	393
Kentucky Association	"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A "Southron" is assured that we shall ever be pleased to receive his communications—they cannot come too often.

We acknowledge a remittance from Mr. G., of Carolina—his good opinion we value highly.

S. W. M. is informed that the absence of the Senior Editor delays a reply to his letter; but he is assured of the readiness of all parties to oblige him.

To Mr. C., of Chester, we reply, that if any application should be made to us for any such animal as he has to dispose of, his letter shall be borne in mind.

S. E. J.'s (of Alabama) remittance is received. Let us hear from the races, if convenient.

A. J. D. will accept our warmest thanks for his favors by different ships; they all arrived nearly at the same time.

We have no painting of Dutchman from which to make the engraving for R. D. P.

Mr. T. of Washington is informed that the list of his stock, if it could be found, would be published; if ever received, it has been mislaid. A personal interview with Mr. T. was anticipated, and on this account no letter was written him to ask for light, till it was too late to receive a reply.

Several letters cannot be attended to till the return of the Senior Editor—that of "Victor" among the number.

We wish it were in our power to oblige a "True Friend of the Drama," but the length of the article compels us to decline it. Nor indeed does it seem to be required, for matters are rapidly righting themselves, as he will see if he be a constant playgoer.

G. V. M.—The tax complained of appears heavier than it really is, from the circumstance of so much accruing at one time—in future it will be so trifling as to be almost unfelt. The missing numbers have been sent as directed.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The "Mirror" is embellished this week with an engraving more beautiful than has ever before accompanied an American periodical; it must likewise have been the most expensive. The subject is the "Landing at Jamestown," painted by CHAPMAN, and superbly engraved by DANFORTH. Such works of art do honor to the country, and should be encouraged. The contents of the "Mirror" are entirely original this week, as is usual with the "plate numbers." The number of contributors is numerous, but we have not had time to read the paper carefully, and shall, therefore, have done with that part of the business.

As our advice has ever been wholesome to this periodical, we may be permitted to hint that it would have been as well to characterize Gen. MORRIS's song of "Land, ho!" as "*noble* and *spirited*" in some other publication than the "Mirror." No one may believe that the General wrote or dictated such a compliment, and yet is it *possible* that some will. There should be no possibility of such a suspicion, and, after all, there may be none. It is a very little matter, but not altogether unworthy of attention.

This remark was suggested by observing how useful was our advice to the "Mirror" in the matter of the Friday evening "Star" puffs. One appears to day, of course, and there is occasion for it; but it does not belong to that old stereotyped order which formerly disgusted the public just once a week. The *series*, we are happy to see, has been discontinued, to the mutual satisfaction of the "Mirror" and the multitude, and the "Star" has to seek new themes for its mendacity—notorious alike in politics, puffing, and slander.

The editor of this "Star" is a vastly good-natured man, and a perfect curiosity in his way. It is a dull day with him when he does not get a kick from some quarter, personally or editorially. An exposure of his mendacity has become as essential to his own comfort as his sherry at dinner. He looks into the "Courier" every morning to see if he has been there denounced as a liar or a scoundrel, and if by any chance he has been omitted (for he well knows that he is every day obnoxious to the charge), he complains of the dulness of the times, and straightway turns to the "Gazette," in the hope that that paper has not neglected him. And "catch it" he does right heartily every little while from each of these sources, the lightest blow they bestow upon him being an indignant rebuke of his political profligacy and personal falsehood.

The cudgelings which he receives in this way never annoy *him*; on the contrary, they are the source whence he derives that exaltation of spirit which enables him personally to impart any spirit to his columns. We notice that the "Star" editor is never so lively as when some gentleman of his own side in politics has been exposing his last lie—the denunciations of *opponents* fail utterly in arousing him, so callous has he become to any imputation of infamy or falsehood.

The reader may think this a little extravagant, but there is no mistake in the main position, that the Whig editors of the city are compelled to expose him continually, to save the ill consequence of having their political principles espoused by such a scoundrel, and to relieve the party of the incubus. And this duty is performed with fidelity by the "Courier," the "Gazette," and the "American," alternately—none of them caring too often to discharge the obligation, lest they should seem to attach consequence to his writings. And yet with all this, the editor of the "Star" is a good-natured, easy individual, just as willing to lie in a good as a bad cause, and it is only because the former affords less opportunity—even in *his* eyes not requiring so incessant falsehood—that he does not every day ruin some gentleman by lying over much for him. The "Star" itself—the newspaper—derives value from this easy virtue of its editor; it is thereby rendered piquant, and is read by those who are the first to denounce his dishonesty. Upon the whole, he drives a very profitable business by this barter of his conscience, and there is not a man about town who enjoys a better name for easy good humor, or who is more thoroughly despised for unqualified false-heartedness, and lack of political principle and truth. We must beg pardon of the "Mirror" for having been unconsciously led by it into this long digression.

West's Picture of Christ Rejected.—This great work of art does draw numerous visitors; we have not studied it with sufficient care to write of it critically. It is a master-piece, and painted by an American; it should therefore be seen by every body.

☞ A short notice of Audubon's paintings will be found on the last page.

☞ A trial has been made with the Yacht. SHE'LL DO! This is not *official*, but what we venture to assert on two grounds—first, a hint which was conveyed to us by one who knows nothing of ships or shipping—and secondly, and more than all, by our knowledge of the builder

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The late St. Leger.—It is extremely interesting to read the speculations of the English sporting writers prior to the late very interesting race. Some of their predictions were singularly accurate—that of "Judex," the turf correspendent of the "Morning Post," is worth noting. Writing to that paper from Doncaster, on the 11th Sept., (the race was run on the 17th,) he thus expresses himself:—"The best public horse is unquestionably Bloomsbury. He won the Derby in a canter. So many rumors have lately been afloat, so strong a disposition evinced to bet against him by parties who have no book on the race, that I am obliged to believe all is not right: it is not his being a worse favorite than Charles XII., it is not this that guides me, as if the Scotts had only a decent horse, their party is so strong that he was sure to be the first favorite. For the above ressons, then, and for the amount of money pending on Charles, most assuredly not for his public exhibition, I must choose the latter to win the Great St. Leger. There is another thing that has great influence in this decision, which is the superior running of The Lord Mayor at Goodwood. Why he did not run for the Derby in an enigma, and of little importance now; but, were it not for the fact that Charles XII. is at 5 to 2, while the other is almost out of the betting, and we are bound to believe, by this period, the Scotts are sufficiently good jockies to know their best horse, The Lord Mayor would have been deemed, without hesitation, the victor elect. I consider, Sir, that Euclid is safe to beat every other horse in the race that has appeared in public: it would be as great presumption to condemn the maiden horses, although but one or two, as it would have been to have named Bloomsbury as the winner of the Derby, at the time I gave the preference to Euclid. Commodore is *hors de combat*, but The Provost, I am told, in good quarters, will run well. Bolus also finds friends; but I repeat I am induced to think Euclid is a better form of horse than either of the last two. Newmarket being my head-quarters, it cannot be expected I can judge of the horses in the St. Leger so certainly as of those in the Derby; but were I to delay this letter until the arrival of Scott's, and the other horses engaged, it could not appear in your columns until after the race—an objection I cannot overcome, although my decision might be altogether changed."

If this was not remarkable sagacity, thus to name and place the first and second horses in the race, then are we out. VATES tried his hand again at a poetical prophecy, but it was "no go," though he gave Euclid a good place. It would be wearisome to accompany him in his doggrel through all his description of the race, but suppose we read the mere running, as he divines it:—

The "Go along" is given; away
They rush, with Hyllus making play—
Bolus and Euclid on his haunches,
Whilst Day the jet black Corsair launches;
Both "cracks" close up: the Provost takes
The rear—Sam* ne'er that game forsakes:
From base to summit of the hill
Bolus, M.D., prescribes a pill,
Feels every pulse, and tries condition,
And plays the family physician!
Along the trying flat, the Mayor
(As Turtle stood before his chair)
Cuts up in style, and stockings shows,
White as his Lordship's flunkies hose—
Like Civic Chief, he makes a dash
At Calipee and Calipash!
At the Red House, like letters dropt,
Or banks for want of assets stopt,
Or after conflict on the plain,
Some wounded and the others slain,
The "Field" grows gradually taper—
How? would but waste our ink and paper!
How distance gained, the Dragsman droops—
To destiny Grey Bolus stoops;
"The Swede" betrays, ere reached the stand,
By urging spur, and lifting hand,
That nags, like monarchs, take their turn,
Triumphant ride, or baffled burn!
Hyllus in front exulting sails—
The Derby victor on the rails—
Between them Euclid: a few strides
Fame, hope, fear, all—all—Fate decides;
'Tis Euclid; see—he comes—he comes!
The son of Hercules† succumbs!
An instant, "Thornhill wins!" the shout—
Sim‡ smiles, and lets "The Lawyer"◊ out!
'Neath Lockwood's gaze, like Clarke's, he flies,
And grasps the Northern as the Southern prize!
Proud Steed! what many a Rival tried,
Yet failed in all his strength and pride:
The Colonel fell from Epsom throne!
Priam and Mameluke alone
Their wreath on its wild Downs received—
And then, our after hopes deceived.
Go, Bloomsbury! inscribe thy name
With Champion, on the roll of deathless Fame!

London, 12th September, 1839. VATES.

* Chifney. † Hyllus. ‡ Templeman.
◊ Bloomsbury—from his legal notoriety!

The sporting newspapers backed "Vates" generally. "Bell's Life" and the "Era" with some spirit; his predictions, no doubt, influence, materially, the small betting, which, in no case, is much safer or more sensible than pure "lottery" betting. The unanimity of all hands in placing Euclid second, is somewhat singular; he seems to be very much fancied as "a stout little horse," but not such a strider as Charles XII., or Bloomsbury.

The Doncaster Gold Cup.—Harkaway was among the entries for this grand prize, but long before the race it transpired that he "had a leg," which gave the editors cause for great congratulation. Had he been able to start, his victory was thought to be certain on all hands. "Judex" writes of this race, in advance, in these terms:—"Omitting Harkaway, then, we have still in view Bee's-wing, Lanercost or The Doctor, Confusionee, and the winner of the St. Leger, Charles the Twelfth. I perceive, by the report of the betting at Tattersall's on Monday, that 2 to 1 was taken about the latter for this race; 2 to 1 was taken about him for each, the Cup and St. Leger! He must be a horse, as a friend of mine remarked on reading it; and there is no doubt he is. For myself, I have a great fancy for Lanercost, considering him very much improved, and still an improving horse. The Cup was won by Bee's-wing in 1837, Mango, the winner of the St. Leger, not being entered; Epirus, that would have won the St. Leger, ditto; and last year by Don John in a trot, Bee's-wing second."

The prize, which, as all will recollect, *was* won by "the Swede," is described as very superb this year. "Bell's Life" thus notices it:—

"We yesterday had an opportunity of seeing the Doncaster Cup, value 300 guineas, which is to be contended for on Thursday next, and which is the gift of the Stewards (Lord Chesterfield and George Lane Fox, Esq.) It is certainly a magnificent piece of plate, and of gigantic dimensions, standing three feet four inches in height. It is of the Etruscan form, with double lips, the handles being formed of two griffins, exquisitely chased, and delineated with all the horrible attributes of those fabled monsters. They spring from the scroll handles, and resting on the rim, stretch forth their wings, and with eager looks seem to be the rigid guardians of the contents of the vase. The lower parts of the handles are formed of the luxuriant foliage of the acanthus, and the whole is executed in bright and dead silver. The body of the urn is of burnished silver; groups of horses, both in a wild and quiescent state, Arab and native, are admirably modelled on either side. The whole stands on a black plinth of polished marble, and the names of the Stewards are engraved on the foot, above which is an embossed wreath. The design is chaste and impressive; but, according to turf fashion, utility has given way to outward show. For our own parts, we think that a small but *useable* service of plate would be far more desirable. The cup is from the manufactory of Messrs. Storr and Mortimer, and is in every way worthy the established reputation of that firm. It should be stated that the griffins are the supporters of the arms of the town of Doncaster. A correct engraving of the whole shall appear in our next."

"Our next," (or Bell's Life of 22d Sept.,) is yet on the ocean; when it arrives, "a correct engraving of the whole shall appear," *of course*, in "the Spirit."

Our files are not very prolific of turf news, but such items as we can find are annexed. Next year's Derby is already becoming interesting, the running at Doncaster materially affecting it. The "Era" writes thus of it:—

Glancing at the Derby nags for 1840, as they canter past us, we find them doing their work in good health, and with sound discretion. Muley, Ishmael and Glenorchy are, certes, the "magnificos of the land." Lord Exeter has an especial nice lot. Mr. Ford's br. colt by Plenipo, out of Sister to Cactus, by Sultan, is a remarkably fine colt, and a good goer. The Angelica colt improves. Perseus promises much, and we hope will perform more—"Victoire" distinguishing his career—and the colt by Mulatto, out of Lady Sarah, by Tramp, appears to have power enough to propel himself along at a *consuming* pace."

Launcelot is here omitted, but his running at Doncaster has made him a leading favorite—by some mode of reasoning which we do not altogether understand, for he stands at 18 to 1 on the betting, while "Brother to Euclid," who beat him for the "Two Year Old Stake" at Doncaster, is only backed at 33 to 1.

Another "Brother to Euclid," in the Derby for 1841, is dead—a sad loss to Mr. THORNHILL.

On Wednesday (Sept. 18th) large sales of blood stock were made on the course at Doncaster, at the following prices:—

Mr. Nowell's Yearling Fillies.	gs.
Chesnut by Muley, out of Rosalia, (in the Oaks)	71
Chesnut by Peter Lely, dam by Muley, out of Rosanne, Oaks	25
Chesnut by Peter Lely, out of Young Sweetpea, Oaks	25
Bay by Peter Lely, dam by Muley, out of Lady Earn	30
Brown by Muley, out of Miss Orville	40
Chesnut by Peter Lely, out of Young Mignionette	20
Bay by Peter Lely, out of Bequest	18
Brown by Peter Lely, dam by Muley, out of Prima Donna's dam	18
Mr. Walker's Yearlings (all in the Derby).	
Escort, b. c., by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam	360
Giaour, ch. c, by Sultan, out of Pauline	710
Kaiser, b. c., by Sultan, out of Francesca	270
Linby, b. c., by Langar, out of Cotillon	400
Mustapha, ch. c., by Sultan, out of Velocity	230
Yearling Colts, Fillies, &c.	
Bay colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Valentia, Derby	210
Bay colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford, Derby	100
Black colt by Sheet Anchor, dam by Emilius, out of Brocard, Derby	265
Bay by Sheet Anchor, out of Harriet, Derby	52
Chesnut filly by Sir Hercules, out of Ulrica	33
Colt, 4 yrs., by Philip the First, out of Princess	195
Yearlings, Two-year-olds, &c.	
Bay yearling colt by Langar, dam by Partisan, Derby	80
Bay yearling colt by Langar, out of Miss Julia, Derby	115
Chesnut yearling filly by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam, Oaks	155
Bay yearling by Voltaire, out of Annot Lyle, Oaks	40
Bay colt, 2 yrs., by Langar, dam by Partisan	52
Brilliant, 5 yrs., by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam	255
By Mr. Tilburn.	
A chesnut yearling colt by Laurel, out of Shoehorn	140
Chesnut yearling filly by Langar, dam by Confederate	100
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., by Langar, out of the Confederate mare	130
Black filly, 2 yrs, by Mambrino, out of a Mulatto mare	24

Mr. Tilburn sold some of Mr. Attwood's stock, at low prices.

Much interest was felt for Mr. Attwood, for whom the following appeal was made in the newspapers. The result could not but have been satisfactory:—

It was with deep regret that we observed the announcement for sale (during the race week at Doncaster) of the extensive stud of Mr. Attwood, whose laudable exertions for the improvement of our thorough-bred stock we have no doubt would have been crowned with complete success in the course of a few years. This gentleman shall speak for himself. He thus expresses himself:—

"The proprietor feels justified in attempting to draw the particular attention of breeders for, and patrons of, the Turf, to the intended disposal of the above Stud. It is the slow and costly produce of an endeavor to create a strain of blood, which, crossed with that of the modern breed of English Race Horses, might restore to them some very valuable properties, which, related to each other as they now are, by such consanguinities as constitute them *one single family*, they have already partly lost, and are in course of losing to a very great extent. The qualities which it has been so hoped to retrieve are, greater hardihood of constitution—greater docility and generosity of disposition—greater robustness of conformation—greater soundness and comparative indestructibility of legs and feet—and greater consequent capacity for enduring labor of violent degree and long continuance. In addition to the greater value for general purposes, which horses thus constitutionally re-invigorated would certainly possess, Breeders for the Turf might then expect to re-produce, not seldom, individual specimens and families of horses distinguished by that extraordinary superiority of structure and performance which, in the course of ordinary physiological experience, is frequently found to elevate the produce of animals of every kind so crossed above the average level of their kind. It is on this principle that we can alone explain the more frequent occurrence of such phenomena of their species in earlier periods of the Turf, where a system of promiscuous crossing with the recent produce of horses of the Eastern blood was, not through science, but necessity, the ordinary practice. This principle has been, indeed, sufficiently illustrated and verified to the proprietor in the formation of the stud itself; but, as this must be a sort of evidence in a great measure confined to himself, he would refer for general proof to the past annals of the Turf, which, especially if taken in connection with its *Portraiture*, will leave to those who so examine them no doubt at all upon the subject. Prevented by circumstances from prosecuting the experiment himself upon a large scale, to the attainment of completely demonstrative results, he cannot suppress the expression of a wish that those results may be obtained by others, through his means, when now, as he thinks, so near and easily within their reach. No person acquainted with its progress will doubt that other principles than expectation of emolument entered largely into his views and motives; and he need not, therefore, shrink from misconstruction in the avowal of a hope that no material portion of this stud will cease to be a British Turf Stud; but that, either in the hands of separate individuals, or in those of a party of individuals, actuated by such principles as frequently ennoble this pursuit, it may still be bred from for such short time as may now be required to ascertain, and he trusts to verify, his most confident impression of its great and early capabilities."

Vam Amburgh has been prohibited from performing at the Port St. Martin by the French police, till certain "measures of precaution have been taken."

THE FETES OF JULY.

PARIS, August 6, 1839.

MY DEAR YORKE,—Bang—bang—bang! went the cannon of the Invalides on Saturday, July the 27th, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, at the most unsentimental and unfriendly, as well as untimely hour, of *six*. "Plague take their *banging!*" I could not help exclaiming, as I turned myself, "I wish they would commence their *festivities* at a less *early* hour." But wishing in this, as in most other cases, was, of all expedients, the worst; and so as the bangs—bangs—bangs! contiued, I sprung from my couch, and upbraided the lovers of late hours and of morning dozes. As I looked on the "milkmen's carts from the Beaulieu;" on the early apprentices clearing the *boutiques;* on the greengrocery trucks returning from the Halle to the fauxbourgs, with the provisions of another day; on the cooks hastening with their *paniers* to purchase early and cheaply, that they might gain a greater profit out of their worthy masters and mistresses—I felt initiated once more into the secrets of that unseen portion of life, which are transacted in a great city between the hours of five and eight in the morning. The *chiffonniers*, or hand-and-basket scavengers, were already on the alert with their baskets on their backs, scraping with their little stick and its iron hook at the end, among the sweepings out of the shops and ground-floors, and depositing over their left shoulders into the basket aforesaid with a vivacity and celerity quite amusing, the morsels of paper, card, rope, string, glass, bones, and other vend-able articles they met with on their march. "All is fish that comes to net," is the maxim of these *chiffonniers;* and so on they trudge, rummaging over every heap of rubbish, till the basket is quite full, and till it is time to be sorting its contents.

At length the banging ceased. The Invalides had terminated their thundering exploits, and Paris had been loudly informed that "the fetes were begun."

It may just be possible, my dear Yorke, that some one reader of REGINA may ask, What fetes are these to which "You know Who" is referring? This is not probable, but it is possible; so I will answer the question in a very few words.

The fetes of July are certain public entertainments held on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of that month, from 1831 downwards, to celebrate the three anniversary of three similar days in 1830; in which the inhabitants of Paris drove from the palaces of their forefathers the descendants of Henry the Fourth and Louis le Grand; in which they overthrew the throne and the altar.

But, as a gentleman of high morals, unblemished integrity, and consistent conduct, has directed us, "when we are far from the lips that we love, simply to make love to the lips that are near," we must make the best of what the gods who now govern give us, and endeavor to extract some merriment even from the least promising materials. So, as the banging of the cannon of the Invalides has announced to us the commencement of the fetes of July, we will say with the *gamin* of Paris, "*Nous nous en donnerons.*"

The Pont Neuf is a charming spot to spend a spare hour at any period of the year, and at any portion of the day. The concourse of passengers is incessant, and the scenes are most varied and amusing. Literature and fried potatoes, dog-dressers and dealers in blacking, ballad-singers and clippers of cats, cake-merchants, shoe-blacks, and print-sellers, are the constant occupiers of the foot pavement and movable stalls of this immovable bridge. The dog and cat-sellers and clippers are here most numerous: and their sign-boards are so laughable that I cannot refrain from sending you two specimens:—

> LA ROSE,
> Tond les chiens et sa femme proprement, et va-t-en ville.

> DUFAURE,
> Coupe chiens, chats, et les oreilles des carlins, des messieurs et des dames qui lui feront l'honneur de lui accorder leur confiance, &c.

"Fried potatoes for one sou," cries a sharp, shrill voice. A Frenchman of the last century curses this English "plat," and contends for "chicorée au jus," or for "l'oseille," or "des epinards." He hates potatoes, and all who fry, as well as all who eat them.

The ballad-singer is busy to-day with his "heroes of July:" not in singing the songs, for that is interdicted on this *first* fete day, as it is the mourning and sorrowing day; but he is busy in learning the verses he is to bawl to-morrow. They will be full of "sublime ardor," and "courage invincible," and "couronnes immortelles;" and all for one halfpenny.

"Shall I just dust your shoes, ladies?" asks a veteran boot-cleaner, of colossal stature; "it is a pity that such pretty feet should be disfigured by Parisian dust." His compliment reminds me of an elephant making love, or of a deaf woman who is under the necessity of using her ear-horn to learn that she is "adored." But the shoe-black is so importunate, and his arguments are so irresistible, that the ladies consent to have their shoes relieved from the weight of the "poussiere;" and the laborer is rewarded with something more weighty than either compliments or smiles.

"Here is a beautiful little dog, madam, as playful as a kitten, and as harmless as a lamb!—so intelligent, so clean, so full of winning ways! He never bites, madam; has been brought up most genteelly; has hair as soft as silk, and a skin as white as milk. Look at its eyes, madam; it knows what I am saying just as well as you do, madam. I can hardly bear the idea of parting with him, madam, he is so gentle and so engaging." All this, and a few phrases more, which I forget, were said in one breath, and with a rapidity and an energy which beggared description. "What is the price you ask for him?" was the reply which a pretty Englishwoman made to the dog-clipper's importunity. "Only forty francs, madam," was the answer. "C'est trop cher," replied the fair daughter of Albion: "Je vous donnera vingt francs, si vous voulez." The lady turned on her heel and joined her party; but the dog-clipper ran after her. "What! you leopard, you English *canaille*, you sham milady! you offer me twenty francs for my dog, and turn away without waiting my answer! You think, I suppose, I stole the dog! No; I don't run away from my country as you English thieves do. I am an honest man, though I do clip dogs. Better to eat a mouthful of bread got honestly than spend your creditors' money abroad." For two or three minutes these, and similarly genteel and courteous phrases, proceeded from the lips of Monsieur La Rose, till the lady appealed to a foot-policeman for protection; when he was sent back to the dog-cases, bawling as he went, "Leopards! English thieves! stay at home!" This is a specimen, not only of the "politeness" of the lower orders, but also of their hereditary and natural hatred of the English nation.

Bang, bang, bang! went the guns of the Invalides again. It was six o'clock. The first day's fetes were closed. The tombs were left to take care of themselves. The churches were shut. The tears were all dried. The music played no longer. It was dinner-time. All Paris went to dine. The dogs and cats were carried home from the Pont Neuf. The Seine flowed on as merrily as ever to the deep, deep sea; and we sought our own mahogany, and its plain, but plentiful provisions. The first day's fete was ended.

[The second day's fete we omit, and come now to the third and great day. The official programme is as follows.]

"*Monday*, 29th.—In the Carré Marigny, Champs Elysées, and on the Esplanade des Invalides, military representations in theatres, from two in the afternoon till nightfall. There will also be two orchestras on each place for dancing, and a *mât de Cocagne*. At the Barriere du Trone, there will be a theatre for military representations, another for rope-dancing, four orchestras for dancing, and a *mat de Cocagne*. On the Seine, between the Pont Royal and the Pont de la Concorde, at one o'clock, there will be jousts on the water, boat races, and other nautical amusements. On the Pont d'Orsay, M. Margat will make an ascension in a balloon, at five o'clock. In the garden of the Tuileries, a grand concert will be performed at seven, before the Pavillon de l'Horloge. At eight, illuminated boats and barges, dressed out with flags, will be rowed up and down the river between the two bridges. They will also contain bands of music. At nine, there will be a grand display of fireworks from the Pont de la Concorde; from which also three illuminated balloons will be sent up. At the same hour, there will be a display of fireworks at the Barriere du Trone. At night, the Hotel de Ville, the Arc de Triomphe at the Barriere de l'Etoile, the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées, the Cours de la Reine, the Pont des Invalides, the Allée d'Autun, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Barriere du Trone, and all the public buildings, will be illuminated."

This was the programme! It looked well on paper, like that of the revolution of 1830. How it would appear in reality we resolved to see. "Perhaps," said one of the party, "the promises of to-day may resemble those of the Hotel de Ville." But Fanny, as well as Mary, was averse to gloomy predictions; and so, in spite of a tropical sun, and dust in abundance, we set forth on our travel in quest of fetes and pleasures.

As the Barriere du Trone is at the end of the world, quite at the furthest extremity of that revolutionary faubourg of St. Antoine, so familiar to all who are not as ignorant as horses of French history, we decided, not by ballot, but by open polling, on visiting, in the first instance, the fetes of the Paris Shoreditch, Hoxton, Kingsland, and Bethnal Green. Miss Mary thinks I am wrong in this comparison; and having a sort of patriotic love of Jane Shore, Warburton's Madhouse, and the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, will have it that the Barriere du Trone should be compared to Whitechapel, and the faubourg St Antoine, to Spitalfields and the surrounding quarters. Then be it so; and you have only to imagine yourself in Whitechapel Road, on a very intensely broiling boiling, frying, July afternoon, surrounded by the *élite* of the Commercial Road Wapping, the Docks, Spitalfields, the Minories, Houndsditch, &c., with a desert of dust before you, and a hot wind in your teeth, in order to form a tolerably correct idea of the position of ourselves, and of all who *would* see the fetes on the day in question at the Barriere du Trone.

At the *barrière* in question is a large open spot, with trees which ought to be green, and grass which ought not to be brown; where the inhabitants of this notable faubourg, St. Antoine, assemble in times of political agitation, and where many a rabble rout has been got up against the altar and the throne. On one side of this wide space of ground, through which passes the high paved road to Vincennes, was erected a large scenic tent, from a raised platform, inside of which the soldiers previously trained, played in dumb show for six long hours, what the programme is pleased to style "military representations." Of course, French exploits were the burden of all the pieces; and the poor Arabs, Bedouins, Algerine, Dutch, English, and every one else, all came in, in their turns, for "a good drubbing." No one could resist the moustaches, shakos, and shot of the French infantry; but, after more or less doubtful firing on the part of their opponents, all were obliged to own themselves completely vanquished. The Turkish blood looked of a very deep color; it was probably *sang du cochon*, especially as porkbutchers are plentiful in that quarter. The English would not bleed at all: they had forgotten to tie on the bladders. The Bedouins had no blood at all. But this was compensated for by the profuse spilling of red paint in the direction of the Dutch. On the whole, the conflict was most sanguinary; but the warfare looked sometimes very much like the Christinos' attacks on the Carlists in Spain—*i. e.* when the Carlists are prisoners—stabbing them when unarmed, or shooting them in the dark. The play, however, was adapted to the audience, and the government agents had the tact to tickle the love of glory and the national vanity of the Frenchman's character. When the battle was o'er, the actors appeared in public; and to the great mortification of the audience, they saw pass before it all the dead, as well as all the living men—Turks, Arabs, English, Bedouins, Dutch, and all—just as alive, and just as well, as if the French had not exterminated them ten minutes previously.

The "mat de Cocagne" is a long, very long, white pole; about as thick as poor Palmerston's head, and about as slippery as Daniel O'Connell's credit. This large, thick, high mast, made of white wood, quite round, polished, is well greased from top to toe with the worst lard or the best dripping. The prizes are adjudged to those who climb it; and a silver spoon and fork, a silver watch, and a small sum of money, are the objects of emulation. The heroes are always shirtless, sometimes breechesless, and invariably belong to what is styled the "basis" of human society; just as though ignorance, dirt, and vulgarity, were the three essential ingredients of modern civilisation. Who won the spoon and fork, who carried off the watch, and who pocketed the five-franc pieces, I really cannot tell you; but no matter—they were all *Monsieurs*, were all the heroes of the hour, and have long since deposited their winnings at the Mont de Pieté.* Miss Mary, who is fond of moralising, either did say, or ought to have said, something about the greasy pole resembling the toils and troubles of life, and the rattletraps at the top being emblematical of the worthlessness of wealth, glory, fame, and happiness; but, as she may perchance publish her travels, I will leave her at some future time to speak for herself.

The "rope-dancing" was truly national, and merits particular description. Louis Philippe played the part of the wonderful cat, who had ninety-nine lives, and always fell on her feet. M. Thiers bounded prodigiously. He held in one hand the charter of 1830, written in goldbeater's skin, in the form of a hoop, and jumped through it some fifty times per minute. He was greatly applauded by all the thimblerigs of the fauxbourg. Marshal Soult ascended in a balloon tied to the earth by cords. In the car was placed the remains of the large candles which he carried bare-headed across the Place du Carrousel in 1829, when he formed part of the procession of the Fete Dieu; on the seat was deposited the contract made by his son with the civil-list, to sell to it the Spanish Murillos which he had brought with him from the Peninsula without paying for; and suspended round his neck was his last most eloquent oration at the Chamber of Peers, which kept the noble lords in convulsions of laughter for an hour and a half; and which fully justified Count Molé in his cruel diatribe against the ministry of the 12th of May, and his ingenious inscription, as applicable to the president Soult, of "*Place à louer.*" There were several other sprawlers; and Dupin, Pasquier, Merilhou, and Barthe, all tried, like poor Oliver Goldsmith, their mountebank capacities. But no one looked more ridiculous than Guizot, who gave "a Papist-Protestant jump," and knocked his head against the last edition of Fox's *Martyrs*. This seemed to stagger him; but Emile de Bonnechoses was there, with his demi-Protestant, demi-Papist *Histoire Sacrée*, to cheer him; and Coquerel, the Unitarian, bade him take courage, and try to jump back again:—

> "There was a man of Thessaly, and he was wondrous wise,
> He jumped into a quickset hedge, and scratch'd out both his eyes;
> And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main,
> He jumped into another hedge, and scratch'd them in again."

No amusement can be more national in France than that of rope-dancing. "The French are a nation of *sauteurs*," said Bowring, one day, in a passion, after little Thiers had been bullying and bounding about the room, against England and the English. Bowring was sorry for what he said the next day. But why should he have been? He spoke the truth.

The first love of a Frenchman is for war, the second for a row, the third for a woman, the fourth for a bottle (of wine being understood), the fifth for a dance, and the last for music and the drama. The Frenchman is a good fighter, a good *émeutier*, a good chaperon, a good drinker, an admirable dancer, and a fiddler or actor *a la perfection*—always excepting Paganini for the fiddle, and Young for the drama.

A French fete without dancing, and lots of it, would be like dear Tom Duncombe without debts, and plenty of them. A Frenchman who cannot dance is a sort of *lusus naturæ*—like a woman without a tongue, champagne without froth, Whigs without humbug, or Lord Palmerston without stays. As to Frenchwomen, what care they for their tottering limbs, wrinkled cheeks, gray hair, or palsied frame, when the quadrilles are merely played on an old, out-of-time piano, to say nothing of their enthusiasm when Musard's band plays the last set which has come out at the Opera? Babe and grandmamma, child and woman-grown, mother and prattling, virtuous or the reverse, wife, mistress, sister, cook-maid,—all—all stand up to the time of even an old, cracked violin, played by a half-witted fiddler; and away they dance, in time or out of time, in step or out of step, just as it may be, till not one pair of legs shall remain out of all the circle to stand up upon. This was the case, as it always is, at the fetes of July, which have just closed. Never mind the illuminations, for the French can dance in the dark; never mind the fireworks, for they last but half an hour; never mind the company, how it is composed, for they are "all equal in the eye of the law:" and though they meet to-day to dance, they may never meet again as long as they live; never mind even the music, for they would dance, were it only to the sound of their own footsteps. But dance they must; it is as necessary to their individual happiness as war is to their collective and national joy. An evening of social chat would be the very *beau idéal* of dulness, if it terminate not with a quadrille; and this they dance from the cradle to womanhood, and thence to the grave. In London, Taglioni is *admired;* in Paris, she is *adored*.

There is not a more laughable and jovial spectacle than a French dancing-booth. The master of the ceremonies is very frequently the master of the tent, whose business it is to keep the light fantastic toes tripping eternally; to collect with indefatigable ardor the two, three, or four sous paid by each cavalier for each dance; to take care that his booth be well supplied with the fair ones from without, that the *jeunes gens* may crowd its portals; and to have an abundant quantity of luke-warm lemonade, of bad beer, of vin ordinaire, and of cigars *sans discrétion*. In England, the lower orders leap; in France, they figure. Oh, how the white muslin frocks are held out by all the cuisiniers in Paris, with their puck ceintures, their best silk-footed stockings, stolen, or borrowed without asking, from their mistresses' wardrobes; and their caps with flowers that you know must be artificial, because they resemble nothing yet created on the face of the earth. Grapes, also, are worn in January, and snowdrops in July; lilac in full bloom in November, and black currants in April; and all looking so natural, that if the temperature of the seasons did not give you feeling proofs to the contrary, you would declare that July was January, and that April was November. And then the Messieurs!—for in France a butcher's fag is "Monsieur le Garçon de Monsieur le Boucher;" and a chimney-sweeper's climbing-boy is "Monsieur le Garçon, qui nettoie les cheminées pour Monsieur le Ramoneur." And here they all are,—masters and men, foremen and apprentices, laborers and mechanics—all together. To-morrow they meet in different capacities; but to-day they are all dancers. The *bourgeoisie*, however, do a little bit of the grand sometimes, and wear flesh-colored gloves; pay double the price for dancing, in order to have "reserved seats" in the booth; and call for champagne, knowing it is not to be had either for love or money. The crack dancers, however, are always the favorites. He who springs forward most actively, rebounds most vigorously, and pirouttes most fantastically, is the favorite of the fair sex, and receives all the smiles, and dances with all the pretty women. It is a curious fact, however, that a connoisseur in booth-dancing in Paris will tell you with tolerable accuracy, not only to what trade or calling the dancers of the male sex belong, but also the quarters of Paris they inhabit,—simply from noticing their modes of dancing, their *gestes*, "poses," and other etceteras in their manner. The *comme il faut* dancers are almost always journeymen hair-dressers, with ringlets, greased eyebrows, oiled moustaches, and thin waists. The journeymen linendrapers are not to be despised, though they can be told from the cambric part of their only best shirt, from their fancy cravats, and from a brilliant display of their profession—in the shape of two pocket handkerchiefs. The lawyers and sheriffs-officers' clerks are to be discovered by the cock of their eyes, by their slang talk about "l'argent" and their patrons, and by their perfect willingness to engage in a row. They are always in batches, that they may have witnesses; and so on—and so on.

Dancing never comes amiss at a French fete; before the lunch-breakfast it begins the day gaily; after the *déjeûné à la fourchette*, it keeps up festivity; before dinner, it tends to whet the appetite; after dinner, to jump down the food; in the evening, it is the avocation of the hour; and late at night it procures sound sleep to those who are wearied by their previous agility. *Enfin*,—dancing is always good, and always seasonable, in the estimation of a Frenchman; and so away they dance, till they dance into the grave. There we must leave them.

But we must now dance to the banks of the Seine—to the jousts on the water, to boat-races, and other nautical amusements. Well, then, I never could, for the life of me, mistake monsieur for a sailor; and the more I examine into his nautical pretensions, the more I am confirmed in my opinion. A good sailor is the most thoughtful, quiet, unpretending fellow on the face of the earth. His *sang froid* in moments of danger is one of the most wonderful things in this wonderful world; no one is so clean, so orderly, so neat, so ready at all times for all emergencies. This is just the reverse of a French sailor, and, above all, of a Seine wherryman. I beg pardon of our Thames wherrymen, for daring to style the five pieces of wood nailed together in the form of a punt, of the age of Alfred the Great, a wherry; and if I were not afraid of being thought vulgar, I should say it was a "werry" good joke to call them so. There is not an uglier machine floating on any waters in the world than a Seine wherry. Ill made, unpainted (except for state occasions), never waterproof, half over the shoes in a sort of squashy mud, rowed by two long bits of wood without form or image, without a rudder—or with one enough to frighten the fishes, flat-bottomed, and without side benches: this is a picture of a French wherry. For the fete, however, the boats were painted; and the jousters, standing on the poop!! were armed with long poles, paddled at the end, with which, as the boats were rowed in opposite and contending directions, they tried each to push the other into the water as they approached each other's boats This is called jousting! To witness this exhibition between the Pont Royal and the Pont Louis XVI., there were not less than one hundred thousand Cockneys collected; and in a most broiling sun, on unsheltered quays, and even baked quicker by the reflection of the solar rays on a high white wall behind them, did these seekers after pleasure stand, hour after hour, not to see—for not one out of forty saw—but to hear, that those who had got on the first or second rows of standing did see, that every half hour a man in a punt did push another man, who was in another punt, into the water!! These were called jousts; and Fanny, who did *not* see them, talked about Queen Elizabeth, and the jousts of olden times.

But as hydrostatics and hydraulics are not the only sciences enjoyed by the Parisian population, the little æronaut, Monsieur Margat, made his five hundredth, or five thousandth, ascension in his air-balloon. The tricolored car contained tricolored flags; and as no one would accompany him, either for love or money, he went up alone, and waved his emblems of war and revolution till he got out of sight of the applauding population of Paris. This done, he descended, packed up his balloon, and reached the Quai d'Orsay again in time to see the fireworks.

The hour of dinner now approached. M. Margat was out of sight, and a general rush was made to every thing in the shape of eatables. It was capital fun to witness the devouring at this moment in the Champs Elysées. Every bench and chair, every plank across two empty wine-casks,—in fact, every thing resembling a seat, was seized on with avidity. "Fried bacon," cried one; "Sausages for two," roared a second; "Salad for three," exclaimed the chief of a party of *gamins*, who afterwards took his bread, and wiped round the salad-bowl; "Un bœuf, avec du choux," ejaculated a most gaudy, gay grisette, who undertook to direct the dinner arrangements of herself and her exquisitely dressed dandy linen-draper,—her gallant, gay Lothario for that evening's entertainments: and so they went on,—one eating stewed carrots, and another stewed peas; and hundreds feeding on knuckles of rusty ham-bacon, covered with raspings in abundance, to hide their deformities. Some called for bottles of beer, others for cider (much sourer than essence of vinegar); whilst the majority stuck to vin ordinaire, and an abundance of water. As all dined in the open air, there were very few table-cloths; and the waiters were kind enough to smoke all their dishes by the smoke of their cigars in their mouths, and to seek to lay the dust by expectorating on the ground.

One fellow was crying aloud his parallelogram pills, resembling square nutmegs, and tasting like musk and treacle.

Another "marchand" was vaunting the character of his lemonade,—not that it was good, but that it was cool; and how could it be otherwise, when from a brown pitcher he filled up the bottle with cold water, as often as a customer purchased a glass of the contents of the bottle? "Happy mode this," said Fanny, "of keeping a lemonade bottle always full."

There stood a miniature Tortoni's, or a dealer in ices to little boys and girls, who could afford a farthing out of the money allowed them for their fete day. The ice-glasses were the size of ladies' thimbles. There were two sorts of ice-creams,—the one red, and the other white. The mother served the former, and the daughter the latter; whilst the father stood behind, wiping his red face with his blue handkerchief, and exclaiming,—"Au petit Tortoni! Les rouges sont aux framboises! Les blancs sont a la vanille! Deux liards de verre." As there were no spoons for the consumers, they made use of their tongues; and the father rinced the glasses in a bowl of water, which answered the purpose of washing out some five hundred an hour.

As to games and gambling, there was no lack of either. All was chance. Did you want a knife, brooch, bracelet, toy, cup and saucer, gingerbread husband, pocket handkerchief,—never mind what, there were lottery tickets for all in profusion. Here stood a boy with his dolls' skittles; and if you knocked them down with his doll's ball, you had a dozen of macaroni cakes. Here were round-about raffles, and macaroni number tables, and pop-guns to shoot at a mark, and bows and arrows to shoot at pipe-clay images; and the winner always gained something, the value of which was very near a farthing. Then there were little wooden horses running round in rings, crying, "Who'll ride me?" And close by, many "Up to the heavens and down again, my little dears;—and all for six liards." Then there were dancing dogs, and grimacing monkeys; enlightened mice; intellectual rabbits; ingenious cats; lions who loved ladies' heads in their mouths, merely for the pleasure of licking them; hyænas who were as gentle as lap-dogs; tigers who were so amiable as even to prefer being starved, pinched, and pricked, at the discretion of their proprietors; wonderful children, with three heads; wonderful women, standing nine feet high, without their boots; wonderful men, who allowed themselves to be bitten by serpents; wonderful fire-eaters, who swallowed chaldrons of hot charcoal in the course of the day without the smallest inconvenience; and, besides weighing machines to weigh the whole body, other machines to try the strength of lungs, toes, fingers, feet, and thumbs. There were electrical apparatuses to please the scientific; travelling doctors to quack the multitude; "naked Indians," to delight the fair sex; and the "most wonderful young English giant, who could stand like like Atlas," and do a vast deal more besides.

These, with drinking, dancing, and dust, kept all alive; and as every sort of musical instrument might be heard, from the humble Jew's organ to the matchless hurdy-gurdy, broken fiddle, harp, guitar, &c. &c. &c., there was noise enough, from six to eight, to reach even your ears in our beloved Regent Street.

But eight o'clock arrived—as eight o'clock always will—and the illuminations shone forth in all their brilliancy. Do you know, my dear Yorke, what a French illumination means? I dare say you do; but some of my country cousins may not, and so I am resolved to tell them. Well, then, my dear cousins, you know what a red tile is?—Yes. Well, that's not it. But can you imagine red saucers made of clay, the same color as red tiles?—Yes. Well, then, you have arrived at the first portion of the secret. Those red tile saucers, very coarse, and never polished, are about an inch deep. They are filled with the very refuse of tallow, and a piece of the commonest tow-wick is placed in the middle. These machines are placed on window-cells, or on the tops of gates, or on the steps of public buildings, or on wooden frames made for the purpose, in the form of garden-stands for plants; and the wood is colored with a sort of light green paint, of a very inferior quality; and at the residences of ambassadors, peers, and wealthy deputies, two stands are placed outside their houses, on the foot-pavement, with some twenty grease saucers on each stand. As darkness becomes visible, these wicks are all lighted, and away they blaze, and smoke, and smell,—yes, smell, indeed they do,—till the grease is all consumed by the wicks, and then they go out! This is a French illumination. Never inside houses, never candles, never pretty lamps, and never is a "general" illumination more than above one hundred and fifty dwelling in all Paris. This year, indeed, the contractor for these fetes was English enough to suspend in the Champ Elysees some lustres of variegated lamps, a la Vauxhall. The effect was magical; and the French are quite out of love with their grease-pots. So much for the illuminations, except some small steam-boats which plied away between the bridges to the infinite delight of all but the fishes, who were thus prevented from going to sleep.

The monster-concert in the Tuileries Gardens was, as monster-concerts always are, prodigiously loud and eloquent; and, of course, the "Marseillaise" and the "Parisienne" were thundered forth by the "badauds" of Paris. The beautiful swans looked offended at this intrusion on their domain; but when did a revolution respect vested interests?

Last scene of all in this strange eventful history were the fireworks. They lasted one hour, all but seven minutes; they cost one thousand five hundred

* The French national pawnbroking establishment of Paris.

pounds sterling; they frightened all the sparrows and linnets away from Paris; they were aided in their awful roaring by the cannon of the Invalides; and the earth trembled, even if the mountains did not fly. Never was such a blaze—never was such a noise.

THE FETES WERE OVER.

Frazer's Magazine.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK:

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT, &C.

"With this strange companion did Apollo wander about the country, and his earliest lesson was 'how to make a bow-string.'"—*Translated from the Greek Mythology.*

CHAPTER VI.

[SCENE—*Llanrwst, and "at home." Time, afternoon. Enter servant to clear away the tea-things.*]

Theoph.—Leave the kettle, my good lass—bring tumblers, and more fuel for the fire. Now, Herbert, let's draw in our chairs and think of to-morrow's work. What shall we do? for,

"There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright—too bold—too high—too gay,
For spirits like *ours* to dare."

As we crossed Llanrwst Bridge you remarked the low and bright state of the river. In its streams we have very little chance for salmon; though, "should a storm arise and awake the *Deeps*"—if we were favored by a good stiff breeze, "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"—we might meet with success on some of them. I should advise resorting to one of the neighboring lakes for trout, were it not that there also we require a heavy wind.

Herb.—I am thy pupil; do with me e'en as you list. Hill or dale, lake or river, all one to me, provided you be with me.

Theoph.—I thank you for the compliment. To initiate you, then, and that you may have a more accurate knowledge of its depths, holes, and shallows, than you can acquire when it becomes high and colored with its occasional beautiful coffee-brown tinge, I propose that we make an attempt on the river; and you shall make your debut thereon for a noble salmon. Yet let me caution you beforehand against disappointment, which a failure in "raising" a fin on our first day's venture might otherwise induce. Take example from me. I toil in all weathers, sunshine or rain, for salmon. The weight of hope lightens my labor, and ever "hangs at my elbow," and, at worst, I add nerve to my muscles, and gain strength for future fights. As to you, consider yourself going out on a survey, a course of procceding always to be recommended to "a stranger in the land," if he be desirous of knowing the nature and peculiarities of the ground he fishes over, which in salmon-fishing is *everything*.

Herb.—I quite agree with you, seeing I shall thereby also be able to learn beforehand where the stumps and roots, the Scylla and Charybdis of fishermen, at other times lie hidden, and know how to avoid them, "if I have luck" in hooking a fish. But is the particular knowledge of a river more important in salmon than trout fishing?

Theoph.—Certainly; although there is scarce an inch in a trout stream where you may not expect to find sport, more or less, in a salmon river you may traverse many a half mile with the dead certainty of not passing by one salmon in all that distance: they are, in fact, only to be found in certain localities, and a novice will waste many an hour in vain, if he knows them not. Besides, in any given favorite spot, of fifty yards, for instance, salmon will shift their position with every alteration in the height of the water, and we must fish for them accordingly. All this I must undertake to teach you when the river rolls at our feet. But as it is agreed we try to-morrow for salmon, we have plenty to do between this and "roosting" time in the preparation of tackle. Unpack, and let me see how far you have profited by my advice in your several purchases. Aye, all very good; you've done—well: your rod and reel won't, of course, bear the examination that mine will, being of country make. However, they'll do for the present; and as I know you paid a less price, we cannot grumble at the want of higher finish.

Herb.—I've brought nothing but that which you desired. Am I completely equipped?

Theoph.—By-the-bye, that reminds me; we must make a gut bottom, casting, or foot line, as that article is denominated, which we use at the end of the reel line, and to the other extremity of which the fly is to be attached. Yonder is my fishing case; open it, and in that portfolio you will find every thing labelled in orderly parchment packets. Give out of it the requisites for a salmon casting line, 12 lengths of treble twisted gut (which I should tell you are composed of 3 strands of trout gut), of different degrees of stoutness, and 3 lengths of the thickest and longest single pieces marked "salmon." Put these all in warm water, and leave them to soak awhile.

Herb.—'Tis done; but wherefore?

Theoph.—That you'll see presently; however, it is simply to take off its brittleness, and consequent liability to crack or snap in bending or knotting.

Herb.—But wait. Have I given you the right kind? for I see there are various colors.

Theoph.—Fortunately you've hit the mark.

Herb.—I presume, then, you are particular upon the subject. What advantage can that afford?

Theoph.—Look you. among my collection are various shades, dyed long since, under the advice of works on fishing; light brown and dark, some almost black, some approaching to yellow, some of an olive tint; but as long as I have left one length of this which I am about to use, I would not look even at any other. Most authors direct us to suit the color of the gut to that of the water we fish in: good advice, doubtless! rather troublesome, if not actually impossible; for water may change its shade from day to day, or from hour to hour. I never use other than this one color, which I call azure or neutral tint, be the water "clear as crystal" or "brown as a berry;" and I do so on principle. Our aim, of course, in coloring the gut at all, is to render it less visible to the fish's eye. Of all others, plain gut cannot be said to be the least so, for when soaked it becomes opaque and white, which the fish *are* "well up to," but won't "*come* up to." If the water be deep coffee brown, and you fancy gut similar, use the very lightest tint of brown; for, take a glass tumbler of the water, and hold it up to the light; you will see how little is required! So with all other colors which fancy may lead you to try. But treating the optics of fish as analogous to man's, and considering the least offensive, and, consequently, least attractive of notice, is the tint I allude to, I have adopted it so every water, upon the same principle that oculists and opticians prefer the apparently blue glass in spectacles to the plain or old-fashioned green goggles. This azure or neutral shade in spectacles is that which I imitate. If it be the least glaring to the eye in the air, when held towards the light, as gut is on the surface of the water,—so is it when "thro' purest crystal gleaming;" and is it less visible in water, thickened or colored? I am well aware many fishers have great success with plain gut, or with such as is *deeply* stained of other colors;—but might they not have greater with the color I recommend? Presuming I succeed with it no better than others do with theirs. it may be because my skill in fishing is less; but change our positions, and I might take only half my usual quantity of fish. That we should hide from the fish their danger as much as possible, or I should rather say, conceal that which may distract their attention from the hook (for I cannot believe they feel the same dread of the line, *per se*, that a culprit does of a rope), is universally admitted; and why we should not follow out that rule in every, the smallest minutiæ, I am at a loss to understand. Does it follow that, because we hear sometimes of a fish being caught by a hook attached to thick whipcord, that we should always use the same coarse weapon? I *am* particular, I admit—almost fastidious;—but still intend to disciple you in the same school;—you will not have less to show for it, I am sure—you *may* have more. If it prove so, you will derive pleasure twenty-fold from the exultation which success by scientific means, or by thought about the matter, must always give birth to.

Herb.—But tell me now, how do you procure this color?—I've heard something about the use of common ink to produce it.

Theoph.—It is generally used, and when mixed with one part of cold vinegar and a little water, if the gut be soaked for two hours or less, it will be found a handy process: but as there is much copperas in ink, which has a rotting tendency, I prefer a recipe, the ingredients of which I am sure of. Some persons stain their gut by simply rubbing blotting paper steeped in ink over it. I will now put you in possession of my secrets in dyeing gut. But let me start with general directions applicable to all the recipes I give you, *unless otherwise expressed.*

General Directions for Dyeing Gut.

In an earthen pipkin boil about 1½ pint of *cold* water with the dyeing ingredients I shall mention presently. When these have *boiled* about 10 minutes, take the pipkin off the fire, and after a minute or so, immerse the gut, tied, if at all, very loosely, and leave it in the still bubbling liquid, so long *only, by the watch*, as I direct, and 'tis dyed enough; for observe, these are all *tried* means. On taking the gut from the pipkin, cast it into a basin of clean cold water, and rinse it well; wipe it, and let it dry awhile: then take each length separately, and holding it by the end between the fore teeth, rub it with Indian rubber, which not only cleans and straightens it, but also tests its strength, avoiding the necessity of doing so again when about to be called into use. After this, clip off the bad ends and tie all up neatly together, and keep it, *at full length*, in a paper or parchment case, with an inner thin paper one rubbed with olive oil, which, in moderation, preserves gut.

Particular Recipes.

The ingredients are as follows; and first in my esteem is,

No. 1—*An Azure or Neutral Tint (similar to ink dye).*
1 Dram Logwood,
6 Grains Copperas.
Immersed 2½ or 3 minutes.

No. 2.—*An Azure Tint, more pink than the last.*
1 Dram Logwood,
1 Scruple Alum—Immersed 3 minutes.

Or, 5 Grains Alum, added to No. 1, will change it to this color;—but N.B. the less we use Copperas the better, and therefore No. 2 is best for *this* color.

No. 3.—*A Dingy or Dirty Olive (a very good color).*
To ingredients of No 2, add
3 Scruples, Quercitron Bark.
Immersed 2 minutes or perhaps 3 minutes.

No. 4.—*A Light Brown.*
1 Dram Madder,
1 Scruple Alum.
Immersed 5, or perhaps 6 minutes.

No. 5.—*A Light Yellow or Amber.*
1½ Scruple Quercitron Bark,
1 Scruple Alum,
6 Grains Madder,
4 Drops Muriate of Tin,
1 Scruple Cream of Tartar.
Immersed 2½ minutes.

As they may serve for want of better, the following may likewise be added,—*the faint dirty olive* may be obtained by steeping the gut for two hours in two parts of cold vinegar and one of common ink and a little water. About a half-dozen green walnut husks, simmered without alum, will produce, and that most firmly, the coffee brown; but you must watch that the color becomes not too deep, *for you can never extract it;* and turmeric, or onion peelings, with a like small portion of alum, will give the yellow tinge. All these dyes are harmless. I have only to add, that should you give your gut too deep a stain of any color (and, I repeat, you can hardly give one too lightly), you must have about a pint and a half of clean water in a pipkin, and when boiling, add to it about 3 or 4 drops of sulphuric acid (no more, or you will destroy the gut), and while boiling or nearly so, dip your gut in and out of it, say every two minutes, till the color is sufficiently extracted.

Herb.—I must confess to you that I don't feel satisfied in favor of dyeing at all. Plain glass, which plain gut resembles, being perfectly colorless, is always less visible than stained; and so must gut be. And do you not forget that the blue spectacle glass you speak of, is soothing, only because the entire ray of vision passes through, and does not fall upon it as an object?

Theoph.—The advocates for plain gut would be quite right, *if* they could get over the fact that by soaking, it loses its transparency, and becomes white, and thus, of all things, most glaring. Gut, neutral tinted, may likewise become opaque, but then it is less observable and more soft to the vision. Opticians have recently introduced into spectacles another shade called "London smoke," which is the lightest possible tinge of black, with a "dash" of yellow. But my recipe No. 1, is as good for all purposes as can be devised. I have paid some attention to dyeing feathers and dubbings, the benefit of which you shall have some other time, for we must "rig out" the casting line 'foresaid.

Now for the silk; 'tis "fine glovers' silk," the best you can use for all purposes of whipping flies, &c., &c. Give me fawn or straw color. The next best sort is white "wig makers',"—very fine and strong, but more harsh, and not so easily waxed. I buy all I use at Pearsall's in Cheapside, the general resort for fishermen "Amateurs," and "professional" fly or tackle makers. Open now that small tin box, which, in its inner loose pan contains the properly softened wax y'clep'd "coblers'," adhering round one end of the small piece of stick. There is some nicety required in the procuration even of your *coblers' wax.* Some that you meet with is too hard and brittle, and some too soft. The former must be put into a small pipkin and heated, mixing with it a very small portion of tallow, or pomatum; the relative quantities must of course depend on circumstances, and be learnt by the experience of an hour's experiment. If it be too soft, simmer it in a pipkin, adding a little powdered resin, till it becomes sufficiently tenacious. When you have the convenience (and mem. in weather of moderate temperature), you may make wax which is perfectly transparent by the following method, borrowed, with a slight variation, from Mr. Shipley's book, p. 127—8.

Recipe for Transparent Wax.

Put *two ounces* of the best and lightest colored yellow resin, and *one drachm* of beeswax, into a pipkin over a slow fire; when dissolved, simmer them for ten minutes longer; then add two and a half, (Mr. S. says only two) drachms of white pomatum, and allow the whole to simmer a quarter of an hour longer, constantly stirring it; pour the liquid into a basin of clean cold water, and it will assume a thick, transparent consistency; while yet warm, knead it by pulling it very much through the fingers till cold,—the last operation giving it toughness, and that silvery opacity which it assumes when properly compounded.

I made some after Mr. S.'s receipt, and found it rather too brittle; so I've added the extra half drachm of pomatum.

Another recipe for the same is eight ounces of white resin and one table spoonful of linseed oil. This I have not tried. Both the above are colorless upon the silk, which may sometimes, in fly-making, be an advantage. Another species of wax, (and which is peculiarly well adapted to the fine glovers' silk) is prepared by dissolving a lump of the coblers' wax in a sufficient quantity of spirits of wine,* or (perhaps the best, as most evaporating) Eau de Cologne: about half an ounce of the spirit to the size of a small walnut of the former. This is kept in a corked bottle, and applied in a honey-like, liquid, and just flowing state, soon becoming hard enough from evaporation. I consider it to be the very best mode with very fine silk: enabling you to wax an entire skein of the finest without a break, winding it from one card, in its clean state, on to another as you wax it, and thus to have it always ready for use. Never hesitate dirtying your fingers during the operation (a little sweet oil, or spirits of wine, will clean them), but, holding a drop between the fore-finger and thumb, rub it well into the silk; or you may wear a pair of kid gloves for the purpose. I also, afterwards, take a morsel of the dry wax, the size of a pea, and rub that over, which gives additional tenacity. It is by far the best plan of waxing that I know of.

Before I show you the use of the bit of stick in waxing, let me direct your attention to the tools so useful for that and very many other purposes. Give me that folded leather case, fitted up by Coleman of the Haymarket, one of which I advise you to purchase when you go to London; as you perceive, there are various implements of immense use to us who have "a finger" in making our tackle. Hand-vices to hold hooks in fly-dressing, or hook-tyeing; more properly called, anti-finger crampers; forceps, for hackling on feathers; needles, for all fishing uses; fine scissors; looping hooks, and table screw to fix them to; files, for re-pointing blunted hooks; and brush, for ordering feathers on flies: things, the use of which I have often heard people ridicule; but as surely seen them very glad to adopt, after fear of the charge of versatility of mind had passed! I remember showing them to a very excellent fly-dresser in this neighborhood, one year, but he despised them; he could not even use the scissors—a large pocket knife being his best friend. However, the following visit I paid I laughed to find him using, not only scissors, but hand-vices and all—thoroughly convinced! Pull out that looping-wire, bent at right angles, the remnant of an old baiting-needle, you perceive. The short leg is fixed in a hole in the table, or a table-screw made on purpose, and I use it in waxing silk, occasionally, for looping, and many such like purposes; which, as it has a natural spring, lessens the chance of breaking silk while waxing. And, for fear of injuring gut while looping it, I have whipped the hooked end over with fine silk.

Herb.—Was ever such a contriver as you?

Theoph.—It is as well to take pleasure in having your implements complete, especially in this instance, which avoids an injury, the slightest approach to which is surely fatal in salmon fishing; and I hope I cannot be charged with being more nice in these matters than skilful in the end for which they are designed.

Herb.—Ahem!

"When Fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,
We must be our own trumpets."

Nothing personal, I assure you!

Theoph.—You are wittily severe; but now attend to business. To repair loops and breakages of that sort at the water side, here is another steel looping machine, which, when sitting on the grass, you can, by its sharp pointed recurved end, hook on to the knee of your trousers, or the rings of the rod, or the reel, and loop away as pleasantly as in your "sanctum" at home. Now for the operation of waxing with the stick: fix one well-waxed end of the silk by a turn, to the hook of the wire; and, holding the other end with your left hand, rub it over with the wax adhering round the stick, handling it lightly, and twisting or twirling it between your fingers to prevent the silk becoming embedded in the wax, and thereby breaking. Try it. Well done! Bravo! You see the advantage of the "stick" plan also. Had you attempted to operate upon that fine silk by holding the wax between your thumb and fore-finger, except after a coat of liquid wax, you would have found it impossible to accomplish any length without a break or two; besides, your fingers remain free from wax, and fit to touch "the lady Flabella's mouchoir of finest cambric, edged with richest lace!—and emblazoned, &c.," or what, *entre nous*, is still more important,—tell it not to the ladies,—to handle the fibres of the most delicate feathers or dubbings, without the inconvenience of their adhering to your fingers instead of to the hook. Whenever your fingers get sticky, however, apply to them a little sweet oil and afterwards wash them clean.

Herb.—I should, methinks, soon become an adept under your instruction. I have seen the operation of waxing performed by others: some have the wax between leather, *the smooth side being inwards;* but a great length of fine silk is sure to break. Others use, between their fingers, a piece of wax for this purpose no larger than a small pea, which is sure to soil their fingers. I vote for your wax dissolved in spirits! But talking of *spirits*, where's the whiskey? My throat partakes of this adhesive subject, as though its essence had gone downwards, instead of entering my brain!

Theoph.—Indeed, I fear you must find all this practical detail rather dry and tiresome.

Herb.—I won't deny you are right.

Theoph.—Before we can run we must submit to the chains of leading-strings; and before we can write, must scratch pot-hooks and hangers. I would not weary you, did I not think you were willing to add to your pleasure in catching fish, by the art of deceiving them through your own devices and handiwork. Nor would I weary myself, I assure you, if I could refer you to any book on angling where you would find these matters fully and sufficiently detailed.

Herb.—Well, well; as I certainly *do* desire to learn these things, I suppose I must submit. And, as "necessitas non habit *légs*," as the poor debtor said to the bailiff's shadow, I will submit with the best grace I can.

Theoph.—And, trust me, I will lighten the infliction as much as our time and my ability will permit.

New Sporting Magazine.

The Spaniel of Darmstadt.—Frederick S—, a musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the grand duchy of Hesse, possesses a female spaniel, which has become a strange sort of terror to all the mediocre musicians of the place and its vicinity. Having acquired a competency by commercial industry, Mr. S— retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the daily and hourly employment of his favorite science. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved, more or less, in the same occupation, and even the housemaid in time could bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert.—One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement; this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion.—Mr. S— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds in the head of poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear *some* part or other in the general domestic concert, and by perseverance and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came his master's cane upon the back of the unfortunate poodle till she howled and growled again. By-and-bye, simple menaces with the stick were substituted for blows, and at a still more advanced period of this extraordinary training, a mere glance of Mr. S—'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes, and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signalised by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the mis-performance. When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and poodle became, what she still is, the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the Duchy of Hesse. But as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative; if you sing with expression, and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassible. But let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly showing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr. Frederick S— and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, *the dog*.

Musical World.

THE MAN ON THE MAST.

The little fishing village of —— is placed on a flat neck of land which unites a small, rocky promontory with the sandy district of Fingal, and forms the point of junction of two sweeping bays that take a long curve inwards at both sides, leaving it standing far into the sea, so as to prevent, from the distant heights, the appearance of being built upon, or rather *in*, the water. On this rocky promontory, which forms, as it were, the Acropolis to the village, a small, ruined chapel of antique and rude workmanship, stands, bleak and unsheltered, to buffet as it may the force of the waves, which are occasionally swept in long white lines of spray, completely over the roofless walls into the streets of the hamlet behind it. Here the sea boils with peculiar fury over a reef of rocks, which runs out for more than a quarter of a mile in a direct line, as if it chafed at its long sea-line of sand being intruded upon by so stubborn an obstacle as this bold and black ridge of limestone. When the wind blows from the east and north-east especially, the point to which the neighbouring ruin has given the name of the Chapel Head, may be distinguished for many a league by its hoary crest of foam; and it would appear as if the superstition of the primitive inhabitants had raised this little religious edifice as a sort of deprecatory barrier against the fury of that element which they found it in vain to think of excluding by any mote or bulwark they could raise for the purpose.

It seems, however, that the simple villagers have been long convinced that their prayers were of no more avail than Canute's commands to stay its progress, as they have prudently withdrawn, by degrees, from that part of the isthmus more immediately exposed to the incursions of the sea; and the few end houses now present an appearance almost as completely dismantled as their outpost the chapel itself; some being wholly untenanted, while the rest form the miserable residences of the poorest and most destitute of the sea-faring population of ——

By way of making up for the intrusion of the element in this quarter, a race more modern and practical, though still possessed of little engineering skill, have constructed on the northern shore of the promontory, a small and rude pier, which running at first at right angles to the reef above mentioned, and then bending in near the extremity towards the land, forms a narrow and imperfect shelter for the few wherries, by the assistance of which the village contrives to exist and pay the landlord for the use of the patch of barren land it stands upon. This miniature harbour is fast filling with shingle, while at its mouth a bar is yearly shallowing; and when the tide is at ebb, the rough but staunch boats stand high and dry on the slimy beach, propped on a pair of immense crutches, and reeking, as it were, in the effluvia of rank sea-weed, blubber-fish, and numerous heads of decapitated ling and dog-fish, which are strewed around them, with little advantage, it is to be feared, to the health or cleanliness of the village. As the tide rises, its progress may be distinguished first by the plash of its broken waves against the projecting planks of the clinker-built hulls, and presently by the creaking and groaning of these, as, when once afloat they confusedly swing amongst each other, and rub and chafe in their efforts for room.

It is immediately opposite to where this stony arm has its shoulder in the land, that the most ruinous of the deserted huts I have described is placed; and to a stranger rounding the point into the little harbour, the whole scene, the barren sand, the bare walls, the ruin, present such a picture of desolation, that he will naturally hesitate a moment before he can bring himself to feel that here he can have shelter from any mischance by land or water.

One autumn afternoon, in the year ——, three figures were observed standing in front of one of these habitations, against which two of them leaned, whilst the third stood a little in advance, and, with his hand over his eyes, seemed to be intently gazing in the direction of the seaward horizon. To a person less skilled in the prognostics of change of wind or weather than the hardy race of deep-sea fishermen on the coast of Ireland, it would have been difficult to account for the evident marks of anxiety which could be discerned on the countenances of all three, imparting a thoughtful cast to the two elder and more retired of the party, and exhibiting itself in the most lively manner in the attitude and expression of the third, as he alternately swept the distant sea-line with his eye, and threw it up for an instant, nearly closed, to the sky. There is something peculiarly striking in the bearing of the fisherman. It is an error to suppose he is to be classed with the rollicking man-of-war's man, into which he so often, however, degenerates. He is generally, when concerned in the business of his craft, silent and reserved, with all the intelligence, however, which having a knowledge of, as well as an interest in what he is about, is sure to give; and there is a manly gravity in his air, approaching, in some instances, almost to dignity, which would at first sight argue him scarcely alert enough for the rapidity of marine evolutions, but that his eye is ever open, watchful, and keen, and discovers the energy which might escape notice in the slouching position and folded arms. The men of whom I speak at present were, two of them at least, in costume and bearing, by no means of the higher order even of their own craft. Their garments were rough and tattered, seemed to be held together by tar as much as by stitch and button; their linen, if linen there were, was invisible; and their shoes were not separated from the foot by any interposed layer of stocking whatever. Yet was there nothing either of vulgarity or meanness about them; their appearance was savage more than miserable; they were ragged, it is true, but not beggarly.

"They'll be late, some of them, I'm afraid, after all," said the youngest of the party, turning to his companions after a long and intent gaze to the east-

* I used to adopt spirits of turpentine, but have found that from its oily nature it changes the color of the *silk* bodies of flies.—TS

ward. "As for that cockle-shell, the Kittywake, with the young gentlemen in her, it's well she's so near in shore, or she'd have but a bad look-out of it. Three of us have hove in sight, and are making for home; but the rest had better keep their offing, and seek to weather it out as they are for to-night."

"Ay, Jack, if they let the day-light go, they have no business in shore. It will be a dark night as well as a breezy one, and should they miss the harbour, and the ebb set in, it's all over with them, I'm afraid."

"Two more of them yonder to the north-east I see crowding up," said the third of the party, "and one of them's Bucker Bryan's boat, I'll warrant. I think I can tell the schooner-rig even with my old eyes. He's sure to run for it if he doubts the weather."

"But I say, Rooney, what's she just loomed out from behind the island yonder, nor'ward of the Coffin Rocks? Picking for the water-dogs, I suspect, from the cut of her jib. She's right to keep to windward now, anyhow, and let them have a sleep; she might land more than her cargo before morning if she were half a league closer in. I've some doubts of her, too, even where she is; she's deep in the water, and, now I look again, she's running a point or two too much to the westward, to have any one on board who knows much about the Chapel-head."

"Well, our business is with ourselves," said Rooney; "and here comes another of us smoking over the bar It's long since I have seen a dirtier evening. I knew what it would come to after the lull to-day, to say nothing of the twinging of my shoulders and elbows."

In truth the signs of coming tempest were now too apparent to be mistaken. The wind, which had been blowing at first lightly from the westward, and then had lulled altogether, had within the last hour chopped about to the north-east, and continued every moment to gain in force, as was evidenced by the small, white foam with which every wave was tipped as it rolled shoreward, and the deeper swing and strain of the boats riding in the little harbour. The day had been cloudless; but as the sun approached the west, the eastern quarter of the heavens had become heavy with a lurid haze, which rose like an exhalation out of the waters, and stretched itself gradually onwards towards the land, tinging the sea of a dull brown, and leaving only one narrow rim of light running along the line of its distance, in which, as if touched by a pale gleam of sunshine, were discernible the far-off sails of some of the fishing-boats, whose return was so anxiously looked for by the three mariners on shore.

Many sea-birds were sweeping inland, making the air resound with their doleful screams; and the roar from the Chapel-head, coming on the ear like distant salvos of artillery, announced the approach of the swell, which as yet was but partially felt in the harbour. As the twilight became fainter, which it did with unusual rapidity, owing to the huge masses of cloud that began to push each other up the sky from the eastward, one or two of the little vessels appeared close at hand, sweeping forward with a rapidity scarcely less than that of the wind, which rushed directly after them, distending their coarse red canvas to the utmost; while at the same time the sea hissed and boiled at their bows, and glanced off in thick spray, as they alternately entered and were left behind by the hastening billows. As each boat shot by the pier-head, with her sails dark against the sky, there might be heard above the wind the strong flap and flutter of her canvas, the shouted commands of her helmsman, and the seething of the smoother water, as her head was brought round, and she gradually took her station on the outer or western side of the wherries moored in the harbour.

At last, something seemed to flit past, so lightly and rapidly, that it might have been taken for a sea-bird's wing in the gathering gloom. In another instant, a gig of the lightest and most fragile build, had shot to the westward of all the other boats, under a small lug-sail, which was lowered in an instant, and was already aground on the foamy swell of the backwater at the bottom of the harbour. The next moment four persons—her whole crew—had jumped out into the water, and, taking her under the thwarts, had run the frail bark high and dry upon the sand. A merry cheer announced the landing accomplished, and the figures began slowly to ascend the beach towards the sailors. It was not not necessary to see their high cast of features, their graceful forms, or delicate limbs, to know them for *gentlemen*. The circumstances of their having been out in so wafery a skiff, on such a night, having shot so boldly ashore, and handled their craft in so dashing a style, were enough. It is absurd to talk of practised seamen, hardy tars, &c., and laugh, as is the fashion, at gentlemen amateurs. They may be rash, and suffer for it; but it is the same rashness which spurs them at a six-foot wall, or a twenty-foot drain, and *carries them over it*, while a "practised" plebeian will look at it and ride to a gate. They cannot do every thing that a sailor will, but they will do many a thing that a sailor will not, *and do it well*.

The youngest of the three fishermen descended to the beach at a signalm for one of the party, and took charge of the boat. The amateurs were dressed in loose white shirts and trowsers, with a small black handkerchief hanging round their necks. Their whole air was that of joyous excitement, and as the gale swept the long hair from their brows, and heightened the colour on their sunburnt cheeks, it was hard to say whether the recollection or the expectation of pleasure was predominant in the expression of their countenances. They had invigorated their bodies with manly exercise—got through difficulty and danger with success, and were now within reach of a hospitable house, where good cheer and smiling faces awaited them, and where the exertions of the day would serve only to give a topic to conversation, and a zest to the banquet. Alas! how different the lot of many a hardy youth who surmounted the same peril, with the same relish for enjoyment. Of those who arrived at the pier that evening, after a weary day, there were more than one whose wet garments were their only ones, who had little more shelter in their wind-swept hovels than on the deck they had left, and whose hunger was to be but half appeased with the wet and unwholesome food to which poverty in Ireland is generally restricted. There must be a spring at the heart of an Irishman, more elastic than is to be found animating the bosoms of his fellow-mortals, elsewhere, through the world, or the old paradox must be reconciled, and suffering become indifferent by habit.

We will follow the party which had just landed, to the neighbouring hall, where they had been anxiously looked for by sundry portly looking personages, with rubicund faces, and snow-white waistcoats spread over the torrid zone of their stomachs. Dinner had been detained till the youths should arrive, and dinner was the object which always engrossed these worthy gentlemen's thoughts about this hour, to the exclusion of every thing else. These individuals had been two or three times out upon the hall-door steps, silk-stockinged, and brushed up to perfection, their little puffy hands, glittering with rings, being thrust impatiently under the skirts of their coats, as they threw their eyes up to the sky, and along the avenue, and then cast their thoughts forward longingly to the dinner-table. It was a view, that before them, as they stood as the hall-door of —— house, which might well have claimed a moment's regard, as it lay expanded beneath the last gleam of daylight. The island, the town, the tower, the grove,—but what was it all to them? Set such a creature amidst the most exquisite display of art, or in the grandest scenes of nature, and he preserves the tenor of his soul with surprising equanimity. The senses, like the old Duke of Clarence's person, are drowned in the wine-cask; the juices of his eyes are turtle-soup; and creation, to him, is one vast kitchen garden. How many have lived and died in this happy state of sensual insensibility! How many are there, even now, "in like predicament?"

Having been driven in at last, however, by the increasing violence of the gale, which blew in front of the house, they ascended once more to the drawing-room, and endeavoured to persuade the ladies of the party that they considered waiting, in their society, preferable even to dinner without it; their fidgetty twitches and half-swallowed yawns, interspersed with occasional sighs, showing but too plainly the struggle between their politeness and the truth. At length, a rush of wind into the hall announced the door opened, and the loud voices and ringing laugh of the expected party found their echo in the brightened countenances of the drawing-room circle. The door was shut and barred in a moment again: the youths' toilette was soon made, and, in a few minutes, the whole company were seated at dinner in the spacious parlour, amidst a blaze of lamps, partaking of the substantial cheer of —— house.

It is not my intention to follow the courses in my description, as if I were *building* a story instead of *telling* one I must leave the soup, fish, *entremets*, and *pieces de resistance* to be discussed as they may, washed down by the vintages of France and Spain, and seasoned with social converse and convivial glee. The party was little more than a family one, although it amounted to twelve or fifteen in number—the exceptions being two of the nautical adventurers, one of the corpulent white-waistcoated folk, and the village-doctor, a pale young man, with a peculiarly *death-bed* address. All, however, were intimates, and it was in the country: there was no restraint or reserve. Characters were pulled to pieces; sermons criticised; friends sneered at; ladies rallied; the doctor quizzed to his face; and O'Connell abused, just as usual in every such assembly, and with perfect freedom, in the most good-natured way in the world.

When the fair sex had withdrawn, (on which occasion the white-waistcoats could not restrain a sigh of relief) the party closed up round their host, and their comfort seemed only increased by the occasional gusts which swept past the windows, and bellowed in the chimney. They talked of politics, of literature (slightly), of agriculture, of petty sessions, of nauticals, of proposed systems of poor laws (at large), of wine, of lunatic asylums, of women. At last, one of the younger of the party proposed a song, turning, at the same time, to the most corpulent of the white waistcoats. He expected the challenge, and was evidently an old offender, for his excuses were only protracted till he had decided upon the key, and then, having touched his forehead with the hand which had most rings on it, by way of giving notice to his memory that it was about to be taxed, he sung the following stanzas to a fine old Protestant tune, lisping strongly, and swelling out each note in the middle, like the down stroke of a capital letter, in the fashionable, "low imperfect," style of half a century back:—

"As Chloe fled, the other day,
And hotly I pursued,
The breeze it rent her veil away,
And oh, what charms it showed!

"So round her cheek, so full her lip,
So snowy white her skin,
That, coming near a stream, I trip,
And tumble headlong in.

"I shout and flounder—save, oh save!
But no—the cruel fair
Runs laughing off, content to leave
Her Damon drowning there.

"I rise, at length, walk calmly out,
Forswear the heartless lass,
And now, to put it past a doubt,
I'm wedded to my glass.

"We live from hand to mouth, 'tis true;
And frail the jade may be,
But then she's kind, and comic, too,
And that's enough for me.

"Curst be the Chloe who could cast
In puddle, him who sought her!
If drowning be my fate at last.
The liquor shan't be water!"

Here ceased the vocal effort of the plethoric bon vivant. Effort it might be called, for his red face grew redder as he proceeded; his full veins more swollen; his breath shorter, and more thick; and had there been another verse, it would most probably have proved the truth of the preceding stanza, by settling his fate in another way. The conclusion was drowned in a shout of applause, on the part of the listeners, and, on his own, in a glass of port of such ample dimensions, that it might have been mistaken for a tumbler at any less hospitable board. Upon it he floated all the melody that might have stuck to his lips back to his heart, to be ready there for further use.

"Well, Chloe's right after all," he exclaimed, after having drawn a breath proportioned to the draught; "if she wanted to annoy me, she could not do it more effectually than by a watery application. The nymphs would die old maids if it were not for their profligate adorer, Bacchus. A bad night, too," he added, as an awful gust rushed past the dining-room windows, mixed with the rattling of heavy rain; "there are those out in this 'tempest' would give a thousand square miles of this same water for a few feet of this parlor floor."

"Another song! Come, come!" vociferated all the party, particularly the young nauticals. "Something about the sea—anything, in fact, except old Neukomm's 'Sea' itself."

At this moment, a servant, who had entered unperceived, leaned over the pale-faced physician's shoulder, and said, "You're wanted, sir."

He rose, as young physicians always do, with a mingled air of importance, commiseration, and sorrow. Importance, for a call is calculated to produce *an effect*; commiseration, for he would have it supposed that he felt already for the suffering it was his province to alleviate; regret, and that unfeigned, to exchange such cheer for a trudge through the storm, without much reasonable prospect of a compensating *honorarium quiddam* at the end of the journey. The surface of the party, ruffled for a moment, soon closed over the absence of the physician, and the bottle and jest only went round the more freely for having one glass less to replenish, and one lugubrious face less to wrench into merriment.

We must quit the parlour of —— house along with our young doctor, and make up our minds for a far different scene from what I have been describing.

The night was fearfully tempestuous, and pitchy dark; the rain swept in torrents, and our poor Æsculapius drew a hard breath between his teeth, and shuddered to his toes, as, wrapped in a muffler and dreadnought coat, he found himself in the open air, hurrying forward, led by a strange man, and totally unable to see any thing but the false glare of light which remained at the back of his eyes after their long gaze at the dining-room fire. It was not until he had ascertained that all his mufflings were adjusted, and his coat collar brought as near his hat as was consistent with leaving any of his face out, that he thought of asking the particulars relative to the nature of the call upon him beyond the "Where is it?" of the first moment. The answer to his query was gruff enough.

"Only some bodies cast ashore; we don't know from what ship, and one of them, the officer says, has a bit of life in it yet. A decent looking woman, too, and young enough to be worth saving."

The Doctor hurried on, stumbling and splashing at every step. Their way lay at first through the avenue of the demesne; but, on passing the gate, the guide, who was a fisherman of the neighborhood, and in his capacity of smuggler—a profession very commonly found united to the former—knew the by-ways at least as well as the highways, struck into the fields; and, as the disciple of Galen began to regain his sight, he could just distinguish that his course was directed towards that side of the Chapel Head which lay farthest from the village of ——. On they went, scrambling up the moist and loose backs of ditches, the bushes showering water out in abundance as they brushed through them, and jumped down upon the deep fallow, or spongy pasture on the other side. The clouds swung across the sky, one after another, like gigantic banners waved out of heaven, and the storm rushed furiously inland, its hoarseness deepened by the distant surges, as they rolled up and burst successively upon the shore. Their path now lay along the westward or land-side of a low conical hill, of a somewhat regular form, about half-way up, and close by a large hedge, surmounting a natural escarpment which formed the boundary between an extensive stubble on the left, and a meadow above on the right, and in which an old deserted lime-kiln had served, from a distance, to direct their course. As long as they continued under the shelter of this hill, the sea was heard but faintly and at intervals in the pauses of the wind; but when, having passed it, they broke through a narrow opening in the hedge to the right, towards the weather side of the hill, the fury of the storm, and the tumultuous roar of the waves burst on them with such sudden and overwhelming force, that they were obliged to pause for a moment, bent almost to the ground to regain their breath, ere they mustered strength and resolution to proceed, while a muttered execration from the guide testified how irksome his errand had been.

It is possible that, at this point, the bilious Doctor, shuddering to his inmost soul, confused, buffeted about by the blast, wet to the skin in spite of his mufflings, weary and athirst, may have turned back, in thought, with a sigh, to the parlor at —— house, the good wine, good fire, and good song, and, for a moment, felt his love of science and humanity yield before his present discomfort, and have even permitted an unconscious murmur to arise to his lips against the fate which had led him to adopt that sad profession in which man is a sought-for guest only where suffering and misery are the entertainers. And far be it from us to think harshly of him for so doing. There are few who can turn from the house of rejoicing to the house of mourning, from the smile of life and good-humor to the various appalling forms of disease and death, and not feel that whatever man's lot may be on earth, the inclinations and desires within him are after happiness and joy, and the face of suffering distasteful and dreadful to his inmost soul.

This was but for a moment, however, and the next saw him on his way, struggling manfully against the storm. The descending side of the hill was soon gained, and the salt spray driven against their faces, intimated to both his conductor and himself that they were close to the cliff, from the breakers beneath which the deafening noise they heard proceeded, although they could not discern more with their eyes than that they were walking over short and slippery grass, and that the sea was seething whitely somewhere at a great depth below them. An outline, as of some low building, it is true, appeared to the right, dark against the sky; but what it was, or its distance from them, was more than the physician could distinguish. All at once, a clash was heard close to them—a startling "Who goes there?"—they were challenged by a sentry. The sailor replied at once, stating who they were, and the coast-guard vidette allowed them to pass on. A few yards more brought them into the midst of the party itself, who were collected upon the edge of the cliff, and they were now near enough to see a small strip of sandy shore immediately beneath them, with four or five people gathered upon it, apparently engaged in watching the rise and retreat of each wave, and snatching something from between them, while one seemed to direct their proceedings, and take charge of the "treasure-trove" as it was brought to shore. Such they could discern through the darkness after a searching glance downwards.

Up a steep zigzag pathway from below, the chief officer of the coast-guard was toiling, with one or two of his men, bearing some portion of the shipwrecked goods (for such they seemed to be) with him, and arrived at the summit a moment afterwards.

"Ah, Doctor! a little too late, I fear. I knew those young fellows would have you up at —— house, so I got a hand to go for you—with some difficulty, I assure you. My own men I could not send off duty, and the rest, you see, expect to come in for share of what's going; and, I believe, they'd suffer their grandmother to drown by inches, ere they'd allow a bale of goods thrown up by one wave to be swallowed by the next, without a scramble for it. They've landed their cargo from some vessel sooner than they expected, poor devils; and here we are collected to take charge of it, without their leave. All drowned, I fear, Doctor. A body or two already ashore. One woman (very like a contraband article, too) is up there at the lime-kiln, and you shall have a look at her, for I think there's a spark left."

So saying, he gave his load into the hands of his men, and strode on before him, towards the building which the latter had seen, and which proved to be another of the deserted lime-kilns frequent in the neighborhood, and which was not more than a score of yards off the spot he had reached.

The scene, as they came up, was sufficiently picturesque. The kiln itself was built into the side of the cliff, the mouth being but slightly raised above the land level from which it was approached, while the fire-place was situated at its side, about half-way down to the beach, to which a rugged track was the only approach. From the hollow of this furnace, which neglect seemed to have extended into something approaching the form of a chamber or cave, a strong light issued, and some figures, armed, were shown in their outline against it. As the physician made his way down the path, and approached the place, he saw that in the nook, which was on that side of the building screened from the storm, a fire of logs had been kindled, and five or six men were congregated, some tending the flame, while one or two were stooping down at the other side.

"Come, my lads," exclaimed the officer, as he entered among them; "make room for the Doctor. He's in for the inquest, at all events. Make way, and fetch over a light."

In an instant the physician was on his knees beside a sort of litter made of coats, while a man held over his head a brand taken up from the fire, and which, as it flickered and flashed, showed the apparently lifeless form of a woman. Some of her dripping clothes had been removed; coats, &c., had been wrapped round her; she had been chafed, and a drop or two of spirits applied to her lips; but hitherto, with no effect.

"She must be removed at once to a house," said the physician, after examining her attentively for a few moments. "Nothing can be done till that is accomplished," and he rose from his knees.

"We cannot leave our duty, sir," they replied, "and there is no one else here but this fisherman. The folks below have something else to think of, and the nearest cabin is half a mile off, at the least."

"Well, this man and I can take her there between us. It is the only chance for her life."

He set at once about devising as convenient a way of removing her as possible. The promise of a reward out of his own pocket bought the services of the greedy peasant, and they were, in a short time, once again travelling in company, though with a cumbersome addition to their party Hard they worked that night, the volunteer and the mercenary, bearing their senseless burden through the swampy fields, and over the slippery fences in the storm: and late it was when their loud knocking at the door roused the peasant and his family from their labor-rocked slumbers.

It is needless to detail the alarm at first; the surprise, and then the ardent compassion of these poor cottagers. By those who know the superstitious timidity, and the boundless hospitality of the lower classes of the Irish, the succession of these feelings is understood at once; to those who do not a description sufficiently concise for the present purpose would scarcely be satisfactory.

The *body*, as it may be called, was deposited on the only bed, warm from the occupation of the family; the few turf ashes were blown up, and replenished with fresh fuel, and all the additional bedding of the house (scanty enough, to be sure) collected and heated to envelope the limbs of the stranger. The poor woman herself, with that peculiar alertness and shrewdness of management commonly met with amongst the peasantry of that secluded and primitive district, set herself to strip the clinging habiliments from the cold and senseless form on the bed, and to chafe and dry it ere she reinvolved it in the coarse but well-aired garments she had collected for the purpose.

Life not being extinct, these efforts, under the judicious superintendence of the pale-faced physician, produced, at last, their effect, and it was with real pleasure he saw the lids unclose from the eyes of an interesting-looking female, apparently under the middle age, and in appearance somewhat above the common class. What were the discoveries he made that night, relative to her history and fate, we have not now the means of ascertaining, as he never will answer questions put to him with that object. Suffice it to say that, whatever the disclosures may have been, they were of a nature to beget in him a lively interest, and secure his good offices as long as they could be of any avail.

Soon after dawn the morning after, a violent knocking was heard at the door of the cabin in which the pale-faced physician was still watching his patient.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the shivering peasant, from amongst some straw by the fire.

"Open the door, Lynch; we want you, man. Come, stir yourself."

The drowsy *sans culotte* rose and unbolted the door, giving admission to a terrific gust of wind, together with two of the sailors whom we have already introduced to our readers.

"Come down to the quay. Lynch, and be stirring, and take a beam oar with us. There's a vessel gone down in Chapel Bay, and there are her masts above water, with some poor devils of seamen holding on."

A scream from the bed interrupted the rest of the sentence and, in a moment the female had started up with clasped hands, exclaiming, "Oh, God! is *he* upon it?"

The men started back in astonishment, so wild and unearthly was the voice, and so unexpected the question. When they recovered themselves they professed their inability to answer it—there was not light enough to distinguish anything beyond the bare fact of there being persons thus perilously situated. There was nothing to be gained from them; but the whole character and demeanour of the woman was changed. She seemed to become a new creature—her debility and gentleness vanished together; she was endowed with supernatural life and energy, and the return of hope had brought with it a morbid strength, which raised her above all the natural effects of her recent exhaustion. As the men went out, she energetically, and almost imperiously requested of the physician to retire, and in spite of his expostulations and entreaties, she suffered not more than a few minutes to elapse ere she was clothed in her half-dried garments, and pressing out at the door into the storm on her way to the shore. The overpowered physician made what haste he could to follow her; but it was not so easy to overtake her. She seemed to fly rather than run; her hair and apparel streaming behind her, and shaping her course towards the sea, the road to which she seemed to discover by instinct.

On the shore, meantime, a considerable assemblage of persons had been collected, consisting (besides the coast-guard) principally of the country people, although two or three of the nearer gentry, to whose ears tidings of the wreck had already reached, were of the number. The morning was clear and bright; the sun was fast ascending towards the horizon; but the weight of the north-easter was still rushing in, might and main, marking the surface of the water with white foam, and throwing the breakers upon the shore with tremendous fury.

At this place the surf was the more broken by the unevenness of a rocky bottom, here and there rising above the surface of the sea, and sinking abruptly below it. The conformation of the rock seemed to add to the trouble of the waters. It was placed in slightly undulating layers, assuming in general nearly a horizontal position, so that the leaves or laminæ were here and there *peeled off*, as it were, and heaped over the other part in confusion. The limestone rock, dark itself, and roughened with adhesive shells and sea-weed, bristled up black amidst the seething mass, and, at times, might be fancied to resemble the head of some mighty sea-monster, emerging from the waves, and plunging beneath them again. A little farther out, where the wave had depth to curl, the great green wall swept up towards the shore, carrying a little light spray toppling on its crest, and then, by degrees, turning majestically over, till the clear top plunged its head into the thick of the foam with a stunning roar, and rolled in one boiling mass onward towards the land. Farther still, and just beyond the curl of the shoaling water, it was evident a vessel had sunk in the night, for there were two masts by this time perfectly discernible, standing up almost perpendicularly, immersed about as far as the tops, as they are technically termed; that is, the broad frame-work which affords footing at the junction of the mast and topmast. Of these, the foretops, being lower than the other, were rather below the level of the sea, but the maintops were above it, and on these the outlines of *four* human figures could be seen with tolerable distinctness by a spectator on the beach, standing out against the moving stay, although so little raised above the water, as to be partially immersed by every wave as it swept past.

As soon as ever this had been ascertained by those on land, there had been a cry for a boat. The three sailors already mentioned were the first to volunteer their services, and it was with a view to completing their crew that two of them had gone up to Lynch's cabin, while the third went northward across a neck of land to the little pier of ——, close to which their yawl lay high and dry. The greater part of the gazers from the top of the cliff had followed in the direction of the projected launch; but the officer of the coast guard, an experienced seaman, remained with his men at their original station, occasionally raising his glass to his eye, and taking a narrow survey of the mast and those clinging to it; but when spoken to about the boat, and the chance of getting them off, he only shook his head, and looked up sagaciously to windward, without saying a word.

He had just shut up his glass, and slung it once more in his leathern case behind him, when the unhappy creature he had assisted to save the night before, came running wildly up, her hair floating behind her, her face ashy pale, and all the intenseness of fearful inquiry in its expression. Breathless and agitated, she could not at first say a word, but looked wildly back and forward along the horizon, the rapidity of her gaze preventing her from catching the object she was in search of. At last she gained utterance, and cried,

"Oh, sir, where are they? Where are they? Show me them, for God's sake! Oh, show me them!" and she clasped her hands before him.

"Look over that black rock there, about a quarter of a mile off shore, and you'll see the masts. I doubt whether you can make out what's on them, though. D——d hard to see at all at this hour of the morning, with the spray in one's face."

She shaded her eyes with her hand, and ran her glance more slowly in the direction pointed out, and at length screamed—

"Yes, yes, that's our ship; there she *is*, and people on the mast. Oh, who are they? For God's sake tell me, sir, is *he* there?"

"Don't know, ma'am, indeed. Can't well see yet who's there. Besides, I don't know the person you speak of, that I'm aware of. Not likely he and I should be acquainted."

"Oh! look, look, sir! take the glass, or give it me. He's tall, sunburnt, with blue jacket. Oh, you can't mistake him!"

"Here, my lads, said the officer to his men, "unstrap this spy-glass, and hand it to me."

They unbuckled it from the back of their superior, where it had been slung, and when he had received it at their hands, he commenced leisurely to place it at its focus, while the poor woman continued to watch him with agonized impatience.

"Here, take it yourself, ma'am. You know him better than I do. No doubt you can find him if any one can."

She took the instrument in her trembling hands, but her efforts to steady and direct it were vain. The inventions of science are of little use in the hands of passion or agony.

"Ah," said she, as she lowered it, her eyes filling with tears, "I see nothing but clouds and rolling waves! Take it yourself, sir, and tell me what you can discern. Surely he *might* be there as any one else—and yet did I not *see* him swept away?" and she wrung her hands in the agony of the recollection.

The gruff officer put the glass leisurely up to his eyes, and having covered the mast, gave the result of his survey slowly, pausing between each word.

"Why, ma'am, as well as I can see, there are four men holding on, and a boy, I think, besides, on the other mast, but of this I can't be altogether certain, for the sea washes over him, and it's only now and then I catch a glimpse of him. By George, there's one of the men off!"

The sailors uttered an involuntary exclamation, the poor woman shrieked in agony, and fell on her knees; and at the same time a distant cry from the spectators who had moved off towards the pier announced that they too had seen the occurrence.

"Oh, look! for the love of heaven, sir, look, and tell me what you see!"

"Ha!" he continued, still looking through his glass, "I caught him that moment on the top of a wave. He is close to the other mast. No doubt he will make for it, if he has strength, now that he has been swept off the mainmast; —but he will hardly have so good a berth of it there, I expect, as the tops are below water. He's at it, by Jove—no, gone again; and the boy's off, too. My God, they'll not hold out much longer, any of them!"

"Oh, don't say so!" cried the woman. "What are the men on the mast like? Look, sir, look, and tell me, I beseech of you. What color is their dress?"

"They're not down yet, though," continued the officer, without heeding her, and still looking. "There they were both together on a wave that time—a strong fellow that to stand against such a sea—by Jove, he has hold of the boy; and, as I'm a living man, it was to save him he quitted the mainmast; and there he is now swimming back to it! Well done, by heavens, well done!" And a loud shout burst from his own men and the distant multitude as the individual was seen once more standing on the maintop with the boy he had rescued.

"D——n that fellow, he deserves to be promoted," continued the officer, his glass still tight to his eye—"and I vow I think he is something like what you say, ma'am. Now that there's more light, I can see that he's a stout young fellow, and the biggest of them all."

"That's he, that's he, I knew it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears—"my generous, noble Henry, who is there to save him? who will go out to him? I'll go out myself with any one!" and the distracted woman caught the arms of the officer.

"Why, ma'am, they'se gone off already to launch one for trying the thing, but I've my doubts if they'll get through the surf—however, they'll try."

Just at this moment the pale-faced physician came up. He had missed his half-delirious patient, and having a less powerful instinct than she, it is to be supposed had found himself at last on another part of the shore, and separated from the lime-kiln by a deep ravine through which a stream issued, so that he was obliged to retrace his steps a considerable distance in order to rejoin her.

"My dear madam," he exclaimed, "it is madness of you thus to expose yourself you——"

"Speak not to me," she cried, in a voice that effectually silenced him. "*Only look there!* He—*he* is there! ask this gentleman—he has showed him to me—he is alive, and no one will go to him. But they are taking out a boat. Lead me, sir, lead me to them!" she continued, grasping his arm as the thought struck her, "that I may hurry them, and help them if I can. A moment, you know, is precious *now*. I'll ask to be allowed to go with them, and offer them any sum, all I, all *we* possess, if they will only bring him back safe!"

The young physician, much affected at her distress, placed a warm coat about her shoulders, and took her under his arm, leading her, or rather being led by her, such was her eagerness, in the direction of the little pier of ——.

But the sagacious officer of the coast-guard had seen, perhaps, better than the fishermen themselves, the difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, of doing anything effectual under the circumstances.

The boat was launched and manned by the four intrepid men. She was of that substantial and business-like build best calculated to ride out weather of this kind, being exceedingly thick in the timbers and bluff in the bows, and shaped alike at both ends, as these yawls are commonly constructed. They are used for putting down and taking up those osier baskets employed to take lobsters, and for carrying over the sea-rack, or weed, from the adjacent islands to the mainland, where it is applied in quantities to the purpose of manuring the sandy soil of the vicinity. For such services, of course, none but a stout boat would be suited, the weather being subjected to certain changes, the coast rugged and exposed, and the load of sea-rack at times sufficiently great. Helm she had none. The crew directed her course by their oars, and her similarity of build at both ends enabled them to back her into small creeks and manage her with comparative ease. Her thwarts were little more than square beams, on which the oarsmen found an uneasy seat, and the oars themselves were rough, heavy, and unhewn.

With such a construction and equipment did the bark make its first stroke from the sloping shingle of the harbor of ——, and high were the hearts of the generous fellows who manned her. She rose lightly over the back swell, and plunged forward again, as the steady stroke threw her along in her course, and she had just fetched the pier-head, and got the first burst of the weather upon her gunwale, and the sea upon her bows, as the anxious woman and her pallid attendant drew near.

"There they go," she exclaimed, with wild delight; "there they are, the deliverers of my brave Henry! Surely we shall have lost nothing when we gain each other once more. What shall I ever do to reward these generous people!"

When they got to the head of the pier, the boat was not more than fifty or sixty yards beyond it. The small progress they had made, which was accounted for by the tremendous force of the shoreward sea, as well as by the violence of the storm, which rendered it a matter of difficulty for those inland to keep their feet where they stood, afforded matter of considerable anxiety to the physician, as he thought of the short distance already accomplished at great labor, and calculated on the time it would take to make a mile of way to windward under the circumstances. But he was still more alarmed when, in consequence of an observation from one of the bystanders, he looked ahead of the boat, and observed the aspect of *the bar*, which extended all across the harbor, at a little distance from the shore. It was terrific. The sea seemed to rage in one white chain of foam, of an hundred yards in breadth, and to offer an insurmountable barrier to either entrance or exit, presenting as continuous and heavy a *surf* as that which rolled in under the lime-kiln. At this time of the tide there were but a few feet of water over it, and independent of the violence of the waves, it was to be feared that in the trough of the sea the boat would but too inevitably touch the sandy bottom

An old sailor edged up to the physician—

"Doctor, these lobster-men will have a wet jacket in the gut, if they don't feel the ground on their keel. Three hours hence they would stand a better chance, but the tide's ebbing yet, and by the time they get there, there'll be little water enough for them, even if it were as smooth as yesterday."

"It's too true, I fear," said the person addressed; "but in three hours hence——"

"Oh, the men know what they are doing," interrupted the woman, who had been anxiously listening to these observations, and feared to encourage them; "they look so determined they must succeed. There—you see they're close upon it now, and are getting on quite steadily. I *know* it's easy," as she saw a smile of incredulity on their faces. "I've often seen boats in a greater storm than this, I assure you;" and the poor woman endeavored to smile with an air of cheerfulness and hope, the hollowness of which was but too clearly shown by the agonized expression of anxiety into which the features relapsed the next moment. There are few things more touching than the effort of the distressed to gain comfort from others by assuming confidence themselves, and to mask their feelings under a veil of hope, lest they should see despair written in the faces from which they seek to read their fate.

It was plain, indeed, that the main difficulty was yet to be encountered. As the yawl forced its way over the landward boundary of the bar, she made two or three short pitches at first, and then fought manfully on for some yards; till a mass of foam heavier than the rest rose above her like a cloud, and swept right over her, drenching every one in her through and through, besides lodging a considerable quantity of water in her bottom. A murmur was heard on the pier, and every eye was instantly fixed on the adventurers.

The sun, which now showed its broad disc above the horizon, played bright on the spray, and shone from the tarred sides of the boat; and some sea-birds glanced and skimmed close around it—their wild screams sounding ominous in the ears of the superstitious spectators, as they came fitfully to land, mixed with the roar of the winds and the waters. Gallantly did the boatmen strain, and skilfully did they guide their bark through this labyrinth of waters, which once passed, and there was little doubt they could be able to surmount the long swell of the deeper sea. The individual for whom the event was a matter of hope or despair, had just raised her clasped hands for the first time towards heaven, when a sea more huge than the rest, threw the bows of the boat so completely up out of the water, that, as she dropped again, both the larboard oars were unshipped from the rullocks; in an instant she was whipped round, and before they had time to bring her head to, another wave had broken over, and nearly water-logged her. The men made every effort to bring her up again, but in vain—she was rolled back upon the surf, and speedily filled; and at last a dead blow on the sand burst her open, and shivered her to pieces, casting out her crew into the midst of the breakers. A cry of horror was raised. "Save them! save them!" was shouted by an hundred voices; a rush was made off the pier to the rocks at the harbor's mouth; and in a few moments there was no one left on it but the physician, holding in his arms the senseless form of her whose hopes now seemed to be extinguished for ever.

The shape of the harbor, however, was such, that although the crew of the shattered boat were a considerable distance from the spectators on the pier when the accident happened, they were but a short way from the shelving rocks at either side, which ran out and narrowed the entrance considerably at low water; and as the wind and surf both bore them in from the bar in a few moments, they were enabled, all of them being stout swimmers to reach a nook on the southern shore, without greater injury than a few trifling bruises.

This event, discouraging in itself, was fraught with fateful consequences to others. Five human beings there were—alone in the midst of the winds and waves, and unconscious of what had been attempted—whose only earthly chance for deliverance seemed cut off for ever by that accident.

At the lime-kiln the chief officer of the coast-guard, who had never quitted the spot, and still continued to keep a narrow look-out for any goods which might be washed ashore from the sunken vessel, with a view to salvage, if not to seizure, was joined in the meantime by several individuals, whose curiosity had got the better of their chilliness, and who came down to enjoy the interesting spectacle of the death-agonies of five fellow-creatures. In town there are executions; in the country, people who love the terrible, have to depend on such accidents as this for their gratification.

Amongst those who arrived on the shore about this time—nine o'clock—were the male inmates of —— house, consisting of the worthy host himself, his white-waistcoated guests, and the juvenile crew already made known to my readers. They were loud and animated, of course, in their inquiries concerning the business, and were strenuous to see the woman, of whom the officer had given a sufficiently flourishing account. The carousals had been kept up so late the night before, that it needed all their heroism and generosity to turn out at such an early hour in the morning; and, as it was, there were some of the party who were rather dragged down to the shores by their shame, than impelled by their benevolence. During their festivities the preceding evening a gallant vessel had been foundering within a mile or two of them, and the cry of more than one wretch who had found in the stormy seas his fate and his grave, had been uttered almost close enough to mingle with the cadences of the convivial song.

But such thoughts did not seem to weigh by any means heavily on the satisfied consciences of the wassailers—they had not exceeded that night—that is, they had not exceeded their allowance, for it was usually measured by the capacity of their girdle. Comfortless it was to see them then, standing on the yet oozy bank, looking out to seaward with their faces drawn up as if with a running string, their eyes watering and nearly cosed, their well-brushed teeth grinning in the wind, and their hands buried in the profoundest depths of their great coats, in which, and in their own discomfort, they seemed far more wrapped up than in the distress of the unfortunate wretches they were looking at.

One of the young men whispered another—

"Edward!"

"Well, George?"

"Ask Mr. —— whether he is reconciled to Chloe this morning. The sight of the water will bring on the fit of hydrophobia again, I suspect."

"But it *was* awful, George, now that I think of it, that rigmarole about drowning, while the horrible reality was enacting so near us. Look at his face! I vow I think he has something of the kind in his mind this instant. See! his mouth is down at the corners, for the first time, I believe, in his life."

"You're right, Edward—one of these elderly jokers forced into seriousness is a miserable sight. All the muscles are screwed the wrong way. But, I say, Edward, that rogue the doctor has taken this fair lady all to himself. I hear he never leaves her side, and has begun to console her already for her half-drowned lover—ay, and with some success, too. That's the way of all these professional men. The vacancy is scarcely in view before they are ready, papers in hand, to apply for it."

"Come, George, this is too bad. *Look out there*, and be serious for a moment. A word in your ear"—— and he drew his young friend aside as he spoke.

The other colored, clenched his hand, and said nothing, but gave a nod of assent, while his companion muttered, "Well, when the time comes we'll try, at least."

As the tide rose, each hour saw the mast lightened of its human burthen. One soul more was swept into eternity—body after body was washed ashore, and the wretched creature who had returned to the cliff, and now watched them drifted successively in, was still satisfied that each, though well-known, was not that of her beloved. The day, as it advanced, enabled her to see him distinctly—to mark his effort to preserve himself and his companions—his lashing the boy to the mast by a piece of loose rope, suspended to which, however, he expired early—his apparent sufferings from cold—his anxious and imploring looks towards the shore, and more than once the tokens of his supplications in the lifting of his hands to heaven. Much of this she could see herself from the station she had resumed at the lime-kiln, and much of it she gained by report from the officer, whose glass seemed the interpreter of her destinies. She looked more dead than alive—her air was wild and haggard—her face and figure had shrunk supernaturally since the night—her limbs were benumbed with cold, and shook as in palsy, beneath her ill-dried and showily-colored garments—and yet her energy was unabated; she refused all offers of refreshment of any kind, nor would she stir from the spot, but seated herself down beside the lime-kiln, with her hands crossed over her knees, and said not a word, but looked steadfastly and tearlessly at the mast.

She had not long been placed thus, when a dog, of the French poodle breed, was seen struggling up the steep cliff, occasionally stopping to shake the water from its long curly hair; and as soon as it had reached the top, it ran directly to where the woman was sitting, and began to jump upon her with the most extravagant marks of delight. She sprung up, seized the little animal in her arms, and covered it with caresses, and at length burst into an agony of tears. It had evidently called her mistress, and had probably floated ashore on some piece of the wreck, without having been observed by the persons on shore, and now rejoiced one of its owners with its safety. But the force of instinct told the animal that in its rejoicing it had a duty to perform; and no sooner did its mistress put it down from her arms, than it began to jump round her, to pull at her dress, to run to the brink of the cliff and look out to sea, and then run back with a greater show of eagerness, and go through the same energetic dumb-show again.

She had watched the struggles and agony of the ship-wrecked man himself, and retained some possession of herself in the midst of her despair; but this was too much for her. She rushed frantically towards the precipitous pathway which led to the beach, and would in all probability have hurried down and plunged into the breakers in her frenzy, had she not been laid hold of by the bystanders and forced back to her old place, and the dog secured in the hands of one of the coast-guard.

Before mid-day, but one human being remained on the mast; and that was he to whom her existence clung. He appeared nearly worn out, the rising tide immersed him still more frequently and fearfully beneath the waves, and it was plain to see that he could not hold out much longer. About this time the officer began to look towards the point of the Chapel Head, and then at the country people around him, as if some thought was laboring in his mind; and when one of the young party from —— house questioned him, he replied that there might, perhaps, be a chance of a stout-built boat living now over the bar, since, although the wind had freshened, the water had become so much deeper as to render the surf at that place less dangerous than before. The poor woman became almost frantic when she heard these words. The crowd gathered round, and she implored the people by every moving argument and entreaty to save the man on the mast. She offered them any thing—they laughed—alas! she had lost all that with which she could have made her promises good! The owner of —— house, being moved with compassion, went so far as to offer a handsome reward to any boat's crew which should save the surviving individual; but it was plain that the fishermen on the coast were not only appalled by the fate of the first attempt, but, moreover, a little dubious about the relation of the parties; and it was considered too desperate an undertaking for the coast-guard to be justified in engaging in, particularly as the officer had stated it as his opinion that the chances were *against* any but a life-boat getting safe over the bar. The tide having risen, moreover, would render it less easy for the crew to reach the shore in case of any disaster happening.

The crowd stood around in moody consultation—the officer and the gentlemen in the midst—the more adventurous weighing chances and shaking their heads—the timid talking a great deal of what they would do under other circumstances; and the curious pushing up from behind to watch the progress of the deliberation.

The mournful conclave had just decided that the subject of their debate must be left to his fate, all human aid being out of the question, when one of the coast-guard boatmen, who had been looking out to the northward, suddenly exclaimed—

"Look there, sir!—as I'm a living man, a boat!" and he pointed towards the Chapel Head, which lay about a mile and a quarter from them in that direction.

All eyes were turned to the point in question—and there, true enough, was to be seen a long, dark streak, occasionally visible between the waves, and just clear of the headland.

"A boat! a boat! by heavens!" exclaimed the gentlemen, and a tremendous cheer broke from the multitude, accompanied by a rush, which was evidently perceived by the wretch on the mast, who, almost dropping into the water, now seized a rope convulsively, and seemed to look on shore and around for the cause of the movement.

"What is it?" "Who are they?" exclaimed an hundred voices, and all eyes were directed to the coast guard officer, who raised his glass with more expedition than usual, the poor woman watching his countenance with clasped hands, and an expression of such agonised hope, as once more drew the sympathy of the bystanders towards her.

"Why—I can't believe my eyes!" he exclaimed, after an attentive survey—"surely it is impossible! As I live, though," after another look, "it *is* that cockle-shell, the Kitty-wake, with those hair-brained young ——'s in her!"

Another shout, lengthened and renewed, showed that the common people were ready to do justice to the generous heroism of their superiors. Who, indeed, could withhold at such a moment his tribute of heartfelt admiration at the conduct of those noble young spirits, who, when the stoutest heart quailed, and the strongest boat was deemed insufficient, had manned their slight and fragile craft, and braved in her the fate which the more experienced fishermen had so nearly met in the morning? They had *succeeded*, moreover, for the great danger was passed, the *bar* having been surmounted before they came into view, and they had now only the long swell of the deep sea to encounter. There they were, the four slender forms straining steadily and gracefully over their oars, their white shirts bright in the sun, while the youngest of the three sailors of the preceding evening, although one of those who had so narrowly escaped in the morning, sat in her stern. They had drawn off from the crowd, it was supposed, according to a preconcerted arrangement, as soon as ever the officer's opinion had been pronounced, and had hastened unperceived away to launch their boat out of reach of the officious interference of the multitude.

The only question now was, whether the solitary being on the mast had strength to hold out till they should arrive there; and it was a fearful interest that was now experienced by the whole assembly of spectators, as they saw the straining of the crew in the distance, and observed at the same time that the poor man was growing weaker and weaker, and besides did not see the succor that was so near him.

"D—n those boys of mine!" said the master of —— house, seriously alarmed and angry, and yet exulting with a tearful eye at their chivalrous humanity—"they have no right to risk their lives in this foolish way for a stranger. How are they to get him off the mast? The gig will be stove in against it, ten to one, and then my boy Frederick is a bad swimmer, even if they were nearer in shore, and had not this cursed white fringe to pass through. It *is* fool-hardy, by heavens!" he exclaimed, pacing hurriedly to and fro, stamping his feet, and then ever and anon casting an anxious glance on the skiff.

The woman drew up beside him, and looked in his face. She had found a feeling she could sympathise with, and for a moment forgot herself in compassion and gratitude.

On bounded the boat like a deer over the long and swelling waves, many feet of her keel being lifted at times high out of the water, which, as she fell, dashed proudly from her bows. There is no motion so exulting and *animated*, if I may so express myself, as that of a long boat riding over a long sea. She seems to spring and breathe, and the force which impels her, in skilful hands, seems her own spontaneous act, rather than the labor of her crew.

The distance of the Kitty-wake from the spectators was at first too great to allow of much more being distinguished than that it was *she*, and that she was manned in the manner described. The steersman showed his judgment by keeping well out to sea, and as close as possible to the wind, so as that they might not only ride drier and easier, but be able to drop down alongside of the mast, rather than have to strain up to it. In this way they would find it easier to render assistance to the man upon it, and be themselves less exhausted for any exertion they would have to make in doing so. The object of their endeavors was every moment in a more critical situation. The gradual rising of the tide, and—as was supposed—the settling down of the vessel, had brought the sea up so as to cover the secure footing in the tops entirely, and he was now forced to depend for his whole support upon the rope which still adhered to the topmast, and even so, every wave which happened to rise above the rest, swept over his head. As each subsided, the eyes of the people on shore confidently looked to see the mast relieved from the grasp that clung to it, and yet there still hung the powerful seaman, almost lifeless, and yet clinging instinctively, as it were, to his only hope.

To paint the emotions of one being on shore would be a weak and presumptuous attempt. The powers of language are far too limited to venture on a description of feelings, the intensity of which can only be measured by the depth of woman's heart. No—the one heart which could have told its own tale is now still—and let it not be supposed that passion can be represented in the colors of the imagination.

Meantime, the little skiff which had pushed boldly out to seaward had now stretched sufficiently far to effect her object, and accordingly she began to let herself drop down in the direction of the mast, and at the same time the crew gave a hearty cheer, which had the intended effect, by making the sufferer aware that help was at hand. He was distinctly seen to raise up his head, and look round in the direction of the sound He saw his preservers within a couple of hundred yards of him!

"Yes!" cried the agonised woman—"he sees them! Look, there he attempts to wave his hand over his head! God of mercy! will he hold out? He has fallen away again, and—there—another wave has washed over him! Strain, strain for your lives, generous young men!—*his* life—*our* lives depend on you!"

The interest of the assemblage was at the highest pitch. Loud exclamations, oaths, cheers, were to be heard on all sides—the excitement was intense. Even the chief officer was restless, and the good owner of —— house paced up and down in a frenzy between nervousness for his sons' peril and pride at their heroism.

They are within a few boat's length. The crowd, from the extreme of clamor and confusion, became gradually stiller and more still. As they come up every breath is held, for a few seconds will decide his fate. The woman stands like a statue—not a word escapes her—she looks straight upon him, her eyes fixed, her hands clasped before her. They drop a little on one side of the sunken vessel, making motions to the man to hold his place, and have just brought the boat up again so as to approach by her leeward side for the purpose of grappling the mast, when a wave, more tremendous than the rest, rolled clean over the top of it, sweeping back the boat some yards, and when it receded and allowed those on shore to see the mast once more, he was gone!

A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The woman alone continued silent and immoveable. Another moment—and the cry was changed into a shout of exultation! The bow oarsman had seized the perishing wretch by the hair, as he was swept by, and dragged him safely into the boat!

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted a thousand voices. Mr. ——, of —— house, actually jumped into the air, and the officer waved his telescope over his head.

"Safe—safe!" weakly sighed the poor woman, as she sank down upon the bank, and closed her eyes.

In a short time the throng was collected upon the harbor beach again, ready to receive the triumphant adventurers at the same place they had landed the evening before; and among them was the happy woman, now trembling with weakness and agitation. She sobbed and cried hysterically, and turned a deaf ear to the soothing expostulations of the pale-faced physician, who was not a little alarmed at the sudden and violent reaction which had taken place. She screamed with impatience, and cried wildly to the crew to hasten to shore with the hope of her heart. They neared the land; and were hailed by shouts and cheers from all sides, to which, however, they made no reply. The rescued man was in the bow of the boat, doubtless dreadfully exhausted—one of the oars was shipped, and the oarsman stooped over him as he lay.

A few strokes more, and her keel was on the ground. The transported woman rushed into the water, and bent over the gunwale. Her lover lay at the bottom of the boat—*dead*.

Dublin University Magazine.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

MATCH BETWEEN BOSTON AND WAGNER!

In another column will be found a report of *Wagner's* second great race at Louisville, from the pen of "N. of Arkansas;" it will be seen that he won the second heat in the unparalleled time of 7:43—the best second heat on record! From recent indications, we think a match likely to ensue between the Louisiana pet and Boston. May it be made, though if made, the party which falls will fall heavily. "Two to one on the winner!"

After the first race at Louisville, there was some talk about challenging Wagner with *Grey Eagle:* some paragraphs appeared in the papers on the subject, which elicited from Wagner's friends the following communication, which appeared in the "Louisville Journal" of the 5th inst.—the very morning of his second victory;—

Wagner and Grey Eagle.—The *reputation* of his horse is dear to a turfman, and it is his duty to shield and defend it as he would his own honor. The contest between Wagner and Grey Eagle will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Wagner's honors were nobly won; he earned them in a field where every inch of ground was closely contested; and any one who would attempt to pluck a laurel from his brow, by falsehood or misrepresentation, deserves the scorn of every honorable man.

The writer of this has been induced to make these remarks from the fact that a letter has been published in a Lexington paper, written from Louisville, containing a statement that Grey Eagle had challenged Wagner for $10,000, and the latter had declined the contest. This statement is positively *false*, and the owners of Grey Eagle will cheerfully bear testimony to the truth of the assertion. The facts of the case are these—Wagner had gained a victory over Grey Eagle—a victory in which even the defeated party gained the brightest laurels, and won for himself imperishable fame. Hence Wagner's friends prized his victory the more highly; and with that courtesy towards the friends of Grey Eagle, which is ever due from the victor to the vanquished, they would have been willing to leave Kentucky perfectly satisfied with his performance. But the communication above referred to leaves but one course to the owner of Wagner. He is willing to run him against Grey Eagle, or any other horse in the United States, 4 mile heats, for $10,000, or any amount above that sum. This offer is made with no disposition to detract from the reputation of the game and gallant Grey Eagle, but solely on account of justice to Wagner, who has been placed in a situation by *some of the friends* of Grey Eagle that leaves no alternative. C.

This looks official with that ominous "C." at the end of it, and may well have called out the friends of old Boston. By very late advices from Camden, we learn that a challenge has already gone West from his friends, proposing to run for $50,000 a side, four mile heats, on any course that the friends of Wagner may choose.

This looks like a race, and no mistake. If concluded, more money will be risked upon it than on any race since the days of Eclipse and Henry—nay, if run upon the right course, more even than depended upon that great event.

Trenton Races.—These races commence next Tuesday, and now give promise of more animating sport than we have had at the North for several years. A very large number of stables will attend, and we are authorized to name expressly that of Col. JOHNSON with *Boston* and *Argyle*, of Mr. WILSON with *Omega*, *Buckeye*, and two others, and of Capt. STOCKTON. Mr. LAIRD and Mr. VAN MATER are already upon the ground "lying low" for the southern cracks. The former has *Decatur*, and the latter *Hornblower*, to aid *Omega* to beat *Boston*. Had we the control of the three, we should put Hornblower after him the first heat with a looseness, just to see what time old "bald face" can make, for although we have no idea that he can be beaten when right, he can yet be made to "go along" by such a nag as the Jersey colt. Should the first heat be unexampled for time, it will give the other nags the only chance they will ever have of catching Boston.

Messrs. MCDANIEL and KENDALL will both be upon the ground with long strings, and several of the small Jersey stables, as Mr. TOM'S, Dr. CONOVER'S, and others.

The course is easily reached from this city by the railroad; you can start at a comfortable hour, see the races, and get back to town for supper, both from this city and Philadelphia. In addition to the Four mile race on the great day, a match will come off the same day, for $1000 a side, Mile heats, between Mr. COCHRAN'S colt *Wallace*, and Mr. KELLY'S *Claude*,—both 3 year olds. This promises to be a sporting affair.

Economist, the sire of the renowned *Harkaway*, has been purchased for this country, and will, in all probability, soon arrive out, as he was only waiting for an opportunity on the 1st of September. He is described by an American gentleman, who has seen him recently, as "a fine, stout horse." Others of his get besides Harkaway are running well, especially the long distances; but till Harkaway came out he had very few fine mares.

Mr. MCDANIEL refused $5000 for *Ellen Thomas*, full sister to *Vashti* (by *Leviathan*, out of *Slazy*, by Bullock's *Mucklejohn*), after her race at Baltimore last week, in which Col. JOHNSON'S half sister to *Wagner* beat her; there was a false start for the second heat, in which Ellen Thomas ran a full mile out, the boy not being strong enough to pull her up.

We learn from several quarters in South Carolina, that many more horses than usual are in training in that State. The Columbia races promise to be particularly brilliant, as they come off during the first week of the sitting of the Legislature—of the S. C. Agricultural Society—of the great Rail Road Convention and, last of all, of the Temperance Society. But we do not know accurately what week this is.

Sale of Mr. Tayloe's Stock.—We would call general attention to the approaching sale of the stock of Mr BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE, which will take place near Hampstead, King George Co., Va., on the 28th inst. It comprises many of the best bred mares and young things in the country. Other valuable stock will at the same time be offered for sale, for more particular description of which the reader is again referred to the advertisement.

Mr. DAVIE is now in England, looking round for "good 'uns;" among other things, he has purchased some fine pigs, intended for the West, and of a stock not known in that country.

He has likewise bought *Ludford*, a bay horse by Manfred, out of a *Buzzard* mare, her dam Vixen, by Pot-8-'os, out of Cypher, by Squirrel. Mr. Davie thinks he will be considered the handsomest imported horse in the United States save *Rowton*. By reference to the Calendar, we observe that he has ran often, and won at all distances, from one mile to three mile heats, the longest races now run in England. Ludford was bred by the famous Mr. Mytton; his sire Manfred was got by Election, out of a Waxy mare, and Election was by Gohanna, out of Chesnut Skim, by Woodpecker. The blood will be acknowledged to be rare and choice. Success attend the enterprise.

Mr. SINGLETON, of South Carolina, purchased while in England a *Brown Filly*, bred by Mr. Sowerby in 1838, got by Augustus, dam by Orville, her dam Sprightly, by Whisker, out of Romance, by Gouty, Diomed, &c. Augustus was got by Sultan, out of Augusta, by Woful, her dam by Rubens, out of a Guildford mare, Justice, Paisley, by Pot-8-o's, &c. &c. She is a filly of fine size and appearance.

Mr. S. likewise purchased a *Filly*, bred by Capt. G. Bulkeley in 1838, got by Glaucus, out of Christabel, by Woful, her dam Harriet, by Peric'es (the dam of Plonipotentiary), Selim, Sir Peter, &c. &c. Glaucus was got by Partisan out of Nanine, by Selim, her dam Bizarre, by Peruvian, out of Violante, by John Bull, &c.

With Mr. Singleton's two will come out another lot, which will be for sale, consisting of *Rodora*, ch. f., 4 yrs. old, by Felt, out of Roseleaf; a Bay Filly, 2 yrs. old, by Olympus, and another by Birdcatcher. All the lot may soon be expected out, with a number of fine cattle; they were to sail on the 1st of Oct.

FLINTOFF we hear of in England, looking out for something nice to bring out here "on his own hook." Were money a little plentier just now, we should depopulate the English stables, for we have never known a more general *desire* to obtain English stock.

We are still without a report of the Washington and Broad Rock races, nor shall we take any further trouble to obtain one. The reader may recollect that in a race, in which Mr. WILSON'S *Buck Eye* came in first, the purse was given to Col. THOMPSON, and Buck Eye declared distanced for foul riding. Mr. Wilson appealed to the Club, by which the decision of the Judges was confirmed, though with an express resolution that the "Club acquit Mr. Wilson and his rider of all *intentional* violation of the rules of the Club."

Mr. GIBBONS has recently made an addition to his stud, by the purchase of the celebrated running mare *Jemima Wilkinson* (by Sir Archy, out of Molly Andrews, by Imp. Dick Andrews), with a 3 yr. old Tonson filly and a yearling Priam, out of her. Will Mr. G. furnish us with her extended pedigree and produce, the memoranda which we made of herself and stock having been mislaid?

Extract of a letter dated WASHINGTON, Oct. 12, 1839.

Wagner and Grey Eagle.—These capital four milers, any where, have proven themselves to be of first rate speed and bottom. Nothing further need be said about "Kentucky courses," their "two milers," and "Kentucky watches." Like Kentucky statesmen, their horses are first rate, as proven by Grey Eagle, and are about to take precedence even of New York. When horses acquire renown, I seek their pedigree in full. Please, Mr. Editor, furnish those of Wagner and Grey Eagle. I cannot believe it possible, as stated, that no further pedigree can be given of Wagner than by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, by Marion. Her produce by Eclipse ran admirably, too, in the race she won at the Kendall Course. Wagner must be regarded, as a race horse, among the best of the get of Sir Charles. OBSERVER.

Mr. RILEY, of St. Mary's, Ohio, has sold the Arabian horse *Mazyoube*, to Col. Wm. BUFORD, of Scott County, Ky., for $5000.

The Boston boys are carrying out, vigorously, their plans for the improvement of roadsters. The purses and stakes for the next meeting, on the Cambridge Park Trotting Course, may be found among our advertisements. They are such as to insure the attendance of the New York "cracks." It would not surprise us were the success of this track to result in the permanent establishment of Racing in the Eastern States—"a consummation devoutly to be wished." The management is unexceptionable in all respects, and must challenge the most favorable consideration of those even who are most opposed to sporting.

The Cattle Fair.—The premiums awarded by the American Institute drew together, the past week, a great number of fine Cattle. We use the language of the "Times" in saying that the whole "undoubtedly comprised the finest specimens, both of American and imported stock, ever brought together for public inspection at one time in this country. The most valuable animals, we believe, remain unsold; but the young stock went off at moderately fair prices—*considering the times*. The finest bulls on the ground were Mr. William Gibbons' imported, thorough-bred short-horn Durham bull MAJESTIC, and Mr. George Williams' SIR JOHN, also imported, and the same breed. The latter of these was put up and knocked down at $1000; but the sale, we understood, was not a *bone fide* one. They are both magnificent animals. MAJESTIC, which appears to be the heaviest bull, is not for sale; one of these animals will unquestionably take the premium.

A considerable number of cows and heifers, chiefly short-horn Durhams, were sold at prices varying from $60 to $195 each, and several one, two, and three years old bulls, fetched about half their value. Upon the whole there was little disposition to buy, and in many instances the auctioneer could not elicit a bid of any kind."

The prices which those of the lot brought at Harlaem we have as reported in the "Courier & Inquirer," but most of the sales were understood to be on account of owners, and not absolute. So little system was observed in this part of the arrangements of the Committee—the exhibition, classification, and sale of cattle—that we have hardly thought it worth while to report prices offered at Harlaem.

From the great number there exhibited, a select few were brought into Niblo's Garden to contend for the prizes offered, and we certainly never saw any lot of cattle so fine in all regards. The "Times" hardly praises sufficiently the bull, SIR JOHN; he is, indeed, a superb animal, not imported, however, as has been stated, but bred by Col. Williams on Long Island. He was the more likely to attract the attention of the crowd, and excite admiration, as in addition to his very many great points of conformation, he had a coat as fine and sleek as satin itself, resembling that of the race horse when in tip top condition.

A roan imported bull, *Young Rocket*, was also exhibited by Mr. Whitney, of New Haven, which ought certainly to be classed with Majestic and Sir John. It was thought altogether doubtful, yesterday, which of these three animals would obtain the first premium.

Mr. Burnet, of Albany, Mr. Emmet, of our own city, and Mr. Hall, of Harlaem, each exhibited a very fine bull. Indeed, there were many on the ground which we have not room, this week, to name. Mr. Hall had a great number of fine cattle on the ground, of which more anon. We must not omit to notice a beautiful cow, imported by Dr. Poole, of New Jersey, and her very remarkable calf, which is the one likely to contend, with that of Mr, Gibbons', for a principal prize.

On Friday many of the selected cattle were offered for sale at Tattersalls, but few of the sales were absolute and we therefore do not think it best to report the prices offered to-day, nor indeed have we room to do so. Every thing of interest which transpires on the subject of these cattle we shall report next week. The premiums are to be awarded this day.

FAYETTE (Mo.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES

Commenced on Wednesday, the 25th of September. We are indebted to the "Boon's Lick Democrat" for the following report of the three first day's sport:—

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies, feather weights. Twenty-one subs. at $25 each. Mile heats.

D. F. Cooper's b. f. by Marmion, dam by Sumpter	1 1
Maj. Stevenson's b. f. by Jack Randolph, dam by ——	2 2
Uriah Davis' br. f. by Marmion, dam by Cook's Whip	3 dist.
Col. T. W. Patton's bl. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Sir Archy	4 dist.
W. H. Edgar's b. c. by Marmion, dam by Cook's Whip	dist.
A. W. Morrison's b. f. by Marmion, dam by ——	dist.

Time, 1:58—2:05.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 75lbs.—4, 90—5, 103—6, 114—7 and upwards 120lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Two mile heats.

Robt. Sinclair's ch. h. *Limber John*, by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 5 yrs	1 1
Wm. C. Wright's ch. c. *John Miller*, by Uncas, dam by Sir Peyton, 4 yrs	4 2
Maj. Stevenson's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Saxe Weimar, 3 yrs	2 3
Col. T. W. Patton's b. h. *Jim Sneezer*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs	3 dist.
W. H. Edgar's ch. m *Peggy Stride*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs	dist.

Time, 4:01—4:02.

FRIDAY, Sept 27—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. T. W. Patton's ch. h. *Franklin*, by Flagellator, out of Musedora by Eclipse, aged	1 1
Robert Sinclair's gr. h. *William H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, out of Papillon by Doublehead, 6 yrs	3
A. Hickerson's b. m. *Betsey Marshall*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	4 3
Maj. Stevenson's ch. c. by Collier, out of Camilla by Sumpter, 4 yrs	2 4

Time, 6:08—6:14.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

TUESDAY, OCT. 15.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, 11 subs., $500 each, $200 forfeit.

This race, which has excited so general an interest, on account of the large number of promising colts entered, and the expectation that a large field would start, came off to-day, and proved more exciting than any one could have anticipated.

The track was in fine order, and the attendance, considering the state of the weather, was good. Dr. GOODWYN'S *Norfolk* was the favorite decidedly, and most of the bets were made about him at 10 to 20 against the field. In the absence of Gen. C. IRVINE, President of the Club, JAS. B. KENDALL, Esq. acted as starting judge.

At the sound of the bugle, seven of the best 3 yr. olds that ever met on a track made their appearance, all looking in fine condition, and seemed to satisfy the expectation of both owners and trainers. The grey filly drew the track. All got off well together, Passaic leading the first mile, but soon after entering the 2d mile Passenger and Norfolk, who had been running side and side, both passed him, and continued in the same position throughout the heat, looking like the "Siamese twins," Passenger winning by only eighteen inches, in 3:49½, the Autocrat filly distanced.

In the second heat the Eclipse filly took the lead, which was successively disputed and taken by Mariner, Passenger, and Treasurer, till in the second mile Norfolk challenged and passed, coming home a winner by two lengths, Passaic distanced. Time, 3:55½.

There were three or four false starts for the third heat, once some of the colts running half way round, but finally they got a good start, the Eclipse filly again acting as the pioneer, but on the backside was passed by Treasurer, and coming down the quarter-stretch, the filly began to make her running, and came through the gate first, Treasurer close behind; on the second mile the filly led from end to end, winning by about a length. Mariner sulked on the first mile, and in spite of all the exertions of his rider, would not run, and was distanced. Treasurer ruled out. Time, 3:50½.

The backers of Norfolk were now beginning to hedge, and the smooth, easy way of running of the Eclipse filly had made her a great favorite. Betting now stood 100 to 20 on the Eclipse filly. She took the lead, but was challenged by Passenger, who tried, but could not pass. Norfolk trailed behind nearly the whole of the first mile, but on entering the second, he passed Passenger, and made great exertions to catch the filly, but she coquettishly declined his company, and came in in most beautiful style three lengths ahead, under a strong pull. Time, 3:55.

There was no mile race for the $100 purse, mile heats. Record:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eleven subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Mary West*, by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion	5	4	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards	2	1	4	2
J. S. Corbin's Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus	1	3	2	dist.
Wm. Jones' b. c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc	6	2	3	r.o.
Wm. Gibbons' br. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles	4	5	dist.	
J. K. Van Mater's Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel by Whalebone	3	dist.		
C. Hatcher's (E. J. Wilson's) gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler	dist.			

Time, 3:49½—3:55½—3:50½—3:55.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race; weights as before. Six subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's br. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gohanna	1	1
D. McDaniel's b. c by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon	2	2
J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emilius, out of Rattrap's dam	dist.	

Time, 3:53—4.05.

SECOND DAY.

To-day the weather was beautiful, and the attendance unusually large, the stands being crowded. Of the six subscribers to the stake, three only came to the post, Mr. KIRBY'S br. f. by Imp. Fylde, Mr. MCDANIEL'S b. c. by Whale, and Capt. STOCKTON'S br. c. *Mercer*. The Whale colt was the favorite during the morning, and was freely backed at 2 to 1. As they were led past the stand, bets were made 100 to 30 on the Whale colt.

They all got off well together, the Whale colt leading all the first mile, but on the last quarter of the second mile the Fylde filly made play and passed, coming in a winner of the heat by one length, Mercer being distanced. Time, 3:53.

The betting now took a different turn—2 to 1 being offered on the filly, and as takers were scarce, many bets were finally offered and taken 100 to 30 on her. During the entire first mile they were side and side, both wishing to lay back, the pace on the backside of the track being scarcely more than a gallop. On entering the second mile the filly took the lead, and kept it, coming in a winner by two lengths. Time, 4:05.

The second race, for the Purse of $300, two mile heats, caused more excitement than the first. Four came to the post—Maj. Jones's *Zenobia*, Dr. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Tonson, Mr. McDaniel's *Ellen Thomas* (Vashti's sister), and Mr. Gibbons' *Saracen*. Mr. McDaniel's filly was the favorite against the field.

At the start Saracen took the lead, running away with his rider, who was not able to hold him up until he got on the back stretch. Soon after GIL. PATRICK, on Zenobia, took the lead, and kept it, winning the heat by about three lengths, Saracen distanced. Time, 3:53.

Dr. Goodwyn's filly took the lead in the second heat, Zenobia and the Leviathan trailing behind; this position was kept until on the backside of the second mile, when Gil. Patrick made an effort to pass, but finding it too hard for him, he held up on coming down the quarter-stretch, the Tonson filly winning by about three lengths, Ellen Thomas just saving her distance. Time, 3:55.

Dr. Goodwyn's filly was now the favorite; but a few persons, who had observed Gil's management, felt confidence in Zenobia. Betting very free. For the first mile they all kept together, but on entering the second, Gil. called on Zenobia, who promptly took the lead, and kept it, coming home a winner of this race by four lengths, Ellen Thomas distanced. Time, 3:55. Below is the record:—

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

S. Laird's (Maj. Jones') ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs	1	2	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Mary Blunt's dam by Alfred, 3 yrs	3	1	2
D. McDaniel's ch. f. *Ellen Thomas*, (own sister to Vashti,) by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs	2	3	dist.
Wm. Gibbons' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 4 y.	dist.		

Time, 3:53—3:55—3:55.

THIRD DAY.

The fine weather and large attendance conspired to render the third day a lively one on the course, and although bets were freely offered, 100 to 15, on *Boston* against Omega, for the 4 mile purse, it was thought there would be good running and sport.

Omega took the lead and kept it until on the last quarter of the fourth mile, when Gil. Patrick gave Boston to understand it was time for him to begin his work. He *at once* passed, and won, hard in hand, by four lengths. Boston came up for the second heat, but the judge announced that the owners of Omega declined running her for it.

A Purse of $100, mile heats, brought out Mr. McDaniel's colt by Contract, Mr. Kirby's Luzborough horse, and *Stephen*, a filly by Shark. The betting was about even at the start, between the Contract colt and the Luzborough, they being the favorites. The former took the lead and kept it till on the backside, when the Luzborough challenged, lapped him, but soon fell back to the second place, allowing the Contract colt to win by four lengths. It is but justice, however, to state, that the Luzborough was held up all the way down the quarter stretch. This gave the public to understand that he was laying back, and bets were yet plentiful, 2 to 1 on him for the race.

On starting for the second heat the Contract led off, and made quite a gap, which was closed up in the backside; they both came thundering home locked, each doing their best, the Contract winning by a neck, in 1:55.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs	1	1
Hatcher & Wilson's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs	2	dr

Time, 7:49.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

D. McDaniel's ch. c by Contract, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
J. D. Kirby's b h. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs	2	2
D. Toms' ch. f. *Stephan*, by Shark, out of Fairy by Herod, 3 yrs	3	dr

Time, 1.54—1:55.

FOURTH DAY.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $590, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Saml. Laird's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	*	*	*
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged	*	*	*
Jas. B. Kendall's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam by Richmond, 6 yrs	*	*	*

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $2000 a side, $500 ft., weight for age, Mile heats.

E. Colman's ch. c by Star, out of Malinda, 3 yrs	*	*
J. D. Kirby's br c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 3 yrs	*	*

The above are the entries for yesterday's race at Camden—the actual results should have been given, but it would seem to be the fortune of this paper that when it sends on an agent to Philadelphia, expressly to report the result of Friday's race, he is sure to fail in coming home. What the evil influence may be which detains him ever in that city, he best knows; we have tried it often enough, and next time shall go in person. Whether Clarion or Argyle is to win the race, the reader must for himself prognosticate. Our *devil* thinks Clarion is to win, but in three heats, giving the second one to old Argyle. He is our "Yates," and should he hit right, enough said, for the reader will have something greater than the race itself. In any event, we beg to say to the subscribers of the "Spirit of the Times," that we have incurred all the *expense* of sending an agent to Philadelphia, although the conclusion has been thus "lame and impotent."

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) RACES, Oakland Course.

The following is a conclusion of the report of the brilliant meeting at Louisville. Thursday's races are repeated, last week's report being a mere newspaper one, and erroneous.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. Buford's ch. f. *Red Morocco*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs. *Mat. Powell*	1	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs	2	3	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. *Stranger*, by Lance, dam by Whig, 4 yrs	4	5	3
T. P. Hart's ch. c. *Bob Bush*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	3	2	4
W. Shively's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Old Court, 4 yrs	5	4	dist.
Y. N. Oliver's ch. c. *Turner*, by Sussex, out of Sparrowhawk's dam, 4 yrs	6	6	dr

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:51.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Four subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

A. Hikes' gr. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Sir Richard. *Jack*	3	1	1
Fred. Herr's b. c. *Japhet*, by Meteor, dam by Hamiltonian	1	3	3
Sidney Burbridge's br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko	2	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:58—2:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—The *Oakland Plate* (a silver Tea Service, value $500), conditions as for the Purse races; Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs. *Archer*	5	1	1
Jas. K. Duke's ch. c. *Telamon*, (own brother to Maria Duke,) by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	2	2
Jos. G. Boswell's (T. J. Robinson's) b. c. *Burleigh*, by Archy Montorio, out of Mary Lee by Contention, 3 yrs	4	3	3
G. N. Sanders' & Co.'s b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Little Turtle's dam by Turpin's Florizel, 4 yrs	2	4	4
W. W. Bacon's b. c. *Bendigo*, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	3	5	dr

Time, 3:50—3:44—3:50.

This was a most interesting race. Bendigo was the favorite against any named nag, while the field was the favorite at slight odds. For the first heat there was a bad start. Telamon went ahead and cut out the work. Bendigo "tried it on," but it was no fit, and Telamon came home a gallant winner in 3:50. After the first heat, Telamon rather had the call, though there were some who went their pile on the old mare. They again got off, the winner of the first heat cutting out the work. Missouri went at him, and it was a beautiful contest. A half mile from home she collared him and cut him down, but like a game one as he is, he held on to her, and made her run the heat in 3:44. For the 3d heat but four came to the scratch, Bendigo having let down. The mare was the favorite, though she had cramped after the 2d heat. She and Telamon went to work in earnest, and made a gallant heat of it—"the mare proving the better horse" in 3:50.

Telamon is a magnificent colt—being the full brother to Maria Duke. He is overgrown in his 4 year old form he will be a rouser. Mr. McCargo richly deserves the honors he has won with his game and bloodlike daughter of old Eclipse.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse $1500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs. *Cato*	3	1	1
A. L. Shotwell's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs	1	2	*
Willa Viley's b. f. *Emily Johnson*, (own sister to Singleton), by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs	2	dist.	

Time, 7:51—7:43—3d heat no time kept. *Grey Eagle broke down in 2d mile.

THE GREAT RACE AT LOUISVILLE.

DESCRIBED BY N. OF ARKANSAS.

Louisville, October 5th.

Dear P.—He must be hard to please, indeed, who has gone off dissatisfied with the racing of the last week. If the splendid race of Monday was the topic of every crowd, what ought to be said of yesterday's race, in which the "sumptuous" four year old, the game and unflinching Grey Eagle, finished his brief but brilliant career, after making a second heat in a style that would have done credit even to Boston himself. Gallant colt, you have fallen in the midst of your honors, yet the tears of some, and the sympathies of all the lovely and accomplished daughters of your own proud State, who witnessed your gallant struggle, were freely given, and such tears and such sympathy are a rich compensation for any "ill that flesh is heir to."

Woodpecker won fame for himself, by his victories in many a hard fought field, but they sink into significance beside the extraordinary performances of his ill-fated son. Ralph, too, has done much for his sire. The style in which he has won all his races this year, makes it a very doubtful question, whether or not he is to take the position which accident has snatched from Grey Eagle. Turning from Woodpecker to Medoc, we find that while the former has been gaining laurels the latter has not been idle. Cub won her race in splendid style. So did Red Morocco—while Telamon made one of the most extraordinary struggles, and, though beaten, proved himself every inch a horse. Old Eclipse had but one fair daughter to battle for her sire. Twice did she start—twice was she victorious. Wagner, the very perfection of race horses, the only son of the lamented Sir Charles that started, made two flings for fame. They are too fresh in the recollections of all to require mention here. He met no common foe—but one worthy of him—a victory over whom was the proudest honor a horse could win.

Saturday's race brought forth an immense crowd. Old and young—rich and poor—grave and gay, in short every body that could spare the time and raise the means, was there. Dashing equipages, genteel bucks, rusty cabs, imitation omnibuses, and even old-fashioned one-horse carts were all to be seen wending their way midst clouds of dust to the course. A Kentuckian will go his *death* on his great men and his great horses—but when he goes his *everlasting*, it is on his beautiful and accomplished women—and who, that cast his eyes to the ladies' stand on Saturday, was unwilling to acknowledge the corn? not one.—But for the race.

Three came to the stand—a beautiful daughter of Bertrand, entered by Captain Viley, bearing the name of Katharine—she is a rich bay, of fine finish, and is a mighty "good un" in common crowds—Grey Eagle, a splendid grey—16 hands high, with an eye as piercing as the bird after which he was called—and Wagner, a magnificent chesnut, calm and quiet until the fires that sleep within are stirred up, formed the field.

At the tap of the drum they all got off—Grey Eagle having rather a bad start. The first mile was very slow—being 2:05—in the second mile Wagner and Grey Eagle waked up and went to work in earnest—it was a beautiful struggle—time 1:53, Grey Eagle coming in ahead and leading all the third mile, which was done in 1:56. In the fourth mile Katharine went up and made a run. They swung into the quarter stretch all well together—Wagner tried it on and it was no fit—Katharine caught up the running and made a pretty brush down the stretch, Grey Eagle winning by a scant length—the mile 1:53—heat, 7:51—amidst one of the most deafening shouts that ever was sent up by the same number of persons. The ladies fairly screamed with joy—and handkerchiefs were waved and hats thrown up with a rapidity and earnestness that told better than language can express, the happiness of those who were backing the "mountain bird" with money and with prayers.

A change came o'er the betting ring—Wagner, from being the favorite at 2 to 1, fell to 3 to 4. Both sides seemed confident, and, when they came up for the second heat, if Wagner was fresh as a morning rose, Grey Eagle's proud step and bright eye told of links not yet let out. Katharine did not seem distressed. They went off for the second heat—Wagner leading until they got to the descending ground beyond the gate, when Grey Eagle gained on him and took the track, coming to the stand in 1:58. On the first turn Grey Eagle drew out and led to the entrance of, and nearly down the quarter stretch, when Wagner lapped him and they passed the stand neck and neck in 1:52. Here Cato, on Wagner, had orders to drive him up Obedient to them, he dashed the rowels to their very head; and the noble animal under him responded to the challenge and the pace was killing. They ran locked to the entrance gate, where Grey Eagle drew out a little, and they swung into the stretch nearly lapped. Wagner's rider was flinging the whip into his shoulders, and dashing the rowels into his side, yet the game animal never faltered or gave back for an instant, but struggled on, and they again passed the stand lapped in 1:55.—Wagner soon drew out clear of Eagle and led by some lengths to the descending ground, when Eagle went up and challenged. A tremendous run ensued. They came into the stretch lapped, Wagner on the inside—at it they went. "Gallant Grey now hold thine own"—and nobly did he do it, though Wagner came home a winner by a neck and shoulders in 1:48. Only think of that—the heat 7:43—Katharine distanced. Wagner was now the favorite at odds. When they came to the post for the third heat, both looked well, and it was a nice question which had recovered best. At the tap, Wagner took the lead and kept it by several lengths, until they were near the entrance of the quarter stretch, when Eagle made his brush. They entered on the 2nd mile, Wagner still leading, and, near the entrance gate, he left him rapidly, when it was discovered the gallant colt had let down.

By this melancholy accident, one of the best horses man ever saw has been lost to the turf. The sympathies of every honorable man were offered up for the colt and his worthy and spirited owners. He has been cut off, 'tis true, in colt-hood, as a racer, yet, in the breeding stud, there is scarce a doubt but that he will win for himself as imperishable fame as he did on the turf. When it was announced that he had let down, there was sorrow depicted in almost every man's countenance, while the ladies, God bless them, shed richer tears than even Cleopatra did when she lost Mark Anthony and a world.

Turning from the vanquished to the victor, what shall be said of him? If speed and lasting constitute a race-horse, he is one—and after that tremendous second heat, to witness his running off with his rider, was a sight as unexpected as it was magnificent. He must meet Boston—when they come together there will be such a race as has never yet been recorded. Both, like Alexander, are sighing for new worlds to conquer.

Kentucky, from her position, is compelled to be the great market from which the south western States are to be supplied with race horses. She should be more careful with her brood mares—too little attention having been given to pedigrees. The turfmen of Kentucky are generally wealthy, and they should club in and send to England for some of the best mares there. Grey Eagle was started six times—twice a winner—once in 3:41—3:43½—and five days afterwards in 3:48—3:44—and beaten by Wagner twice by not a length—in 7:48—7:44—and 7:51—7:43—broke down.

The races went off well—too much praise cannot be given Col. Oliver, the liberal and spirited proprietor of the course, for the manner and style in which every thing was got up. The turfmen should guard him as a rich pearl, for he is doing every thing to make old Kentuck the race horse region.

Yours, truly, N.

TREE HILL (Va.) FALL RACES.

The Fall Meeting at Tree Hill, Va., commenced on Tuesday, 8th Oct., and continued four days. Report:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. B. Irby's b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Contention	4	1	1
J. T. Semple's ch. f. by Hotspur, dam by Contention	1	3	2
J. B. Shelton's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Kosciusko	3	2	dist.
John Heth's b. c. by Shark, out of Arietta by Virginian	2	dist.	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Medley	pd. ft.		

Time, 1:56—1:55—2:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats

Nathl. T. Green's b. c. by Imp. Whale, out of the dam of Duane	2	1	1
Col. Wm. R Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Hardeway's Omega mare	1	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Alfred	3	3	dist.

Time, 4:01—4:05—4:03.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse $500, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs	0	1	1
John P. White's br. h. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Isham Puckett's b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	0	5	3
Wm. L. White's ch. c. *Hamden*, by Goliah, dam by Director, 4 yrs	0	3	dist.
Duvall & McCargo's b. c. *Dandridge*, by Imp. Zinganee, dam by Lafayette, 4 y.	0	4	dist.
Thos. Doswell's b. c. *Chotawk*,* by Pamunky, dam by Arab, 4 yrs	0	6	dr

Time, 6:08—6:06—6:04. *Broke down in 2d heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Proprietor's Purse $250, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. f *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	1	1
Isham Puckett's ch. f. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, – yrs	3	2
Thos. Doswell's ch. c. *Oriflamme*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal, – yrs	4	3
J. T. Semple's b. f. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	2	4

Time, 3:58—3:55.

The saddle on Emily Booker slipped on her neck in the 1st heat, and continued so throughout the heat.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse $50, ent. $30, added; conditions as before; Two mile heats.

J. P. White's gr. c. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Wm. L. White's b. m. *Martha Colvin*, by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 6 yrs	0	2	2
Thos. Doswell's ch. h. *Camden*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Eliza White by Sir Charles, – yrs	0	3	3
James Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, – yrs	1	4	fell

Time, 4:03½—3:57½—2:58.

SAME DAY—Match, $500 a side.

Wm. L. White's f. by Goliah	rec'd ft

From Mr. Vaughan's Tranby or Mr. Vest's Goliah colt.

The track was uncommonly heavy throughout the week, there having been no rain for eight weeks. J. P. White.

BALTIMORE (Md.) FALL RACES.

We last week gave a report of the three first days' sport over the *Kendall Course*; the following is a record of the two last days, from one of our special reporters:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 11, 1839—Purse $600, $200 of which goes to the second best horse, ent. $30; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lilly*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	4	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	4	2
Geo. L. Stockett's b. c. *Gustavus*, by Sussex, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	1	2	dist.
R. W. Raisin's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam, out of Ally Croaker by Telegraph, 4 yrs	3	3	dist.
Saml. A. Sparks' b. h. *Bustamente*, by Sussex, out of Caroline Whitefoot (the g. dam of Lady Clifden) by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs	*		

Time, 5:52—6:04—5:55. * Broke down.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse $200, free only for colts beaten during the week; ent. $25, to be added to the purse; weights as before. Two mile heats.

J. M. Wilson's b. c. by Ivanhoe, out of Kitty Fisher by Revenge, 3 yrs	walked over.

Mr. David McDaniel's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Vashti by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs., was entered, but was withdrawn.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, ent. 5 per cent., conditions as on Friday; Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. h. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, dam by Hickory, 5 yrs	1	1	
Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Fanny Selden*, by Duke of Orleans, out of Mary Selden's dam, 3 yrs	2	2	
James Adams' ch. g. *John of Hampton*, by Sussex, out of Mountain filly, 6 yrs	3	dist	

Time, 1:53—1:53.

MECKLENBURG (Va.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Buffalo Course* commenced on Tuesday, the 8th October, and continued five days. Report:

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 80lbs., fillies 77lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. One mile.

Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Sir Archy	1
Maj. Edmond Hester's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Bertrand	2

Time, 1:54.

This was a beautiful race; the bay colt was restive at the start, and threw his rider twice after the let go, and did not run kindly, or the heat would probably have been much better than it was.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Five subs. at $50 each, h. ft. One mile.

Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Boxer	1
David McDaniel's b. f. *Lady Wake*, by Carrecter, dam by Virginian	2
McCargo & Logwood's b. f. by May-Day, dam by Sir Archy	3
James Gardiner's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam unknown	4
	5

Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	1
Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs	6	2
James M. McCargo's ch. m. *Eliza Garrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Emporor, 5 yrs	2	3
Robert Duncanson's br. c. *Baltimore*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.	5	4
Ceophas Hudson's b. h. *Arabian Mark*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir James, 5 yrs	3	5
Wm. McCargo's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Georgian, 4 yrs	4	6

Time, 3:55—3:56.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	2	1	1
Thos. B. Wall's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.	1	2	2
Robert Duncanson's b. h. *Drumgool*, by Imp Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 y.	3	3	dist.
Capt. James Williamson's b. c. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs	4	dr	

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Handicap Purse $100, ent $10, added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ceophas Hudson's b. h. *Arabian Mark*, pedigree above, 5 yrs., 10lbs off	5	3	1	1	1
Thos. B. Wall's ch. m. *Eliza Garrison*, pedigree above, 5 yrs., 5lbs. off	1	1	2	3	3
David McDaniel's b. c. *Cain*, by Andrew, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	2	2	3	2	2
Col. John L. White's ch. c. by Jackson, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs	3	4	dist.		
Robert Duncanson's ch. h. *Jacob Cribs*, by Alonzo, dam by Sir Charles	4	dist:			

Time, 1:56—1:56—1.53—1:57—6:00.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt, dam unknown	1	1
Thos. B. Wall's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Sir Charles	4	2
Col. John L. White's br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Timoleon	3	3
Capt. James Williamson's bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Napoleon	2	4

Time, 1:52—1:53½.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $100 each, h ft. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Hardluck, dam unknown	2	1	1
Capt. James Williamson's b. f. *Sally Page*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian	1	2	dr
Col. John L. White's b. c. by Jackson, dam by Sir Charles	3	dr	

Time, 1:52—1:53½.

In this race, after the riders had mounted for the 3d heat, Sally Page cramped badly; the clothes were thrown on her, and she was led off; the word was given, and the colt galloped round.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Ceophas Hudson's ch. g. by Contest, dam by Sir James	1	1
Col. John L. White's Imp. b. c. *Harkaway*, by Emilius, dam by Trapes	2	2
Robert Duncanson's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam unknown	3	3

Time not given.

George M. Branch, *Secretary*.

ASHLAND COURSE, Tenn.

We learn from the Secretary of the establishment of a new Club in Tennessee; the organization &c. he has reported for us, but the following letter from a correspondent in that State conveys the information in a more lively, if less formal vein, and we therefore give it place.

Columbia (Tenn.), Sept. 27, 1839.

Dear Sir,—"Ashland" is a new and beautiful race course just opened upon a rich bottom, one mile from Columbia, by Col. Wm. K. Hill, a tip-top gentleman, and a most spirited proprietor. I am not a sportsman, nor the owner of a red drop of horse blood (my misfortune rather than my fault), but from the bottom of my heart I congratulate you, and every true "salt" of the Turf, upon this acquisition. There is a fine spirit abroad here. In this vicinity some good stables of horses are in training, including *Leviathans, Luzboroughs, O'Kellys Stockholders, Pacifics*, &c.; and from abroad, some bang-up "rovers" are expected. In October the maiden bosom of Ashland will be "fleshed." The purse, $2000, will be divided, and run for as follows:—

1st day—Two mile heats	$400
2d day—Three " "	500
3d day—Four " "	700
4th day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	400

Gen. Allen Brown (a spirited breeder) is President, Col. F. K. Zollicoffer Secretary, and a half dozen choice fellows Vice Presidents of the Course. As I am not among the *initiated*, of course I haven't yet got "the hang" of things; but a man with his eyes shut may safely run upon the conclusion that there is fun ahead. Cords of "young things" are coming on in this "great County of Maury," (you will bear in mind, that this is the "greatest" county in the West—in *our* belief) which, if half what our breeders say and think is true, are to make a mighty racket in this little world of ours. At all events, *Glencoe*, and *Ainderby*, and *Leviathan*, and *O'Kelly*, are the sires of a hundred sons, *being*, and *to* be, on our rich meadow grounds, many of whom are now upon their first legs. I could mention a sorrel foal, dropped in the Spring, by Glencoe—and a bay, yearling, by Stockholder, which will cause *somebody* trouble—may be their owners—but they are No. 1's or nothing. And there is—s'death, my ideas are running wild with the young caperers I have been walking round. I will not *now* name *names*, or mention *circumstances*, but you shall hear from me again.

The Maury County Jockey Club Fall Races commence on Monday, the 21st October—one week in advance of the Ashland Course. Good sport is anticipated. As it is but nine miles from Ashland, it will probably be discontinued this Fall. If leisure permits, I will give you a "brief" of the running at both places. A Southron.

For the Spirit of the Times.

A FEW MORE THINGS IN QUEBEC.

THE RACES—REGATTA—"OLD CRUMMLES" AND "THE PHENOMENON."

Dear P.,—According to promise, I write to you in all that brotherly love which good fellows entertain for each other, although, to begin at the beginning, I will confess that I felt 'bothered a bit' till I received your last 'Spirit,' as I feared much that either my last 'affair' had miscarried, or that your native modesty had taken the alarm at certain minutiæ of detail given by me in describing the process of cooling off in a water-cask, if you remember. However, 'Morgan's himself again,' and now, as ever, ready, heart, hand, and glove—fist, and pen, to come to the scratch, and 'toe the line,' in the cause of that 'big sheet' or 'little book,'—which common-place people would call the 'Spirit' or 'Register.' Talking of the 'Spirit,' I feel it incumbent on me to notice your last plate, which I humbly (in deference to no person's opinion) conceive to be the best of the series yet published. True, they are *all* good, but this portrait of *Leviathan* seems to me to be particularly well handled by both brush and graver. I speak in this matter with all the presumptive confidence usually identified with a professional smattering of these things; and, particularly as regards horse-painting, I do flatter myself I ought 'a kinder to know' something—of which I shall make a point of convincing you, if you are sceptical in the matter, when we next meet, either with a piece of chalk on the back of your office door, or, if in an afternoon stroll, on the first convenient brick wall or board fence. Apropos! what a capital notice-catching title for a new book, either letter-press or pictorial, to say "Chalk Sketches on a Brick Wall!" or, "Chalkings by the Way on a Board Fence!"—there's a wrinkle for you. There is nothing so very preposterous in this; for have we not "Pencil Sketches," "Crayon Sketches," "Pencillings by the Way," and a heap more of such things. Yet, after all this *persiflage*, you will say, naturally enough, this is all very fine of you, Mr. Rattler, but what of those races you promised in your last. Well, friend P., to be candid with you, as I am tolerably certain before this letter reaches your sanctum in Broadway, the perfect official bulletin of the whole matter will be made your own from the columns of our '*Mercury*' here, quite in 'ship-shape' style, I expect you will be kindly contented with my odd jottings down, and rambling fashion of selecting particular

fragments of the affair on which to exercise my chalking propensity. As is customary with us on these occasions, the weather was propitious in the extreme, and particularly fine; and about midday the rattle of whiskey, buggy, curricle,

"Coach, dog-cart, gig and tandem,"

over the stony pavement of Louis street, *en route* to the course, must have been afflicting in the extreme to any hapless mortal in the line of march, whose caput was not in the soundest order. I have given you before now a tolerable idea of the *materiel* composing our race course population at such times, but do not remember to have particularly recommended to your notice our haberdashery bloods and counting-house exquisites, on occasions like the present, when, in their borrowed 'cords' and 'ops,' and astride on a livery stable garron, scientifically 'gingered' for the nonce, they canter away, (I mean such of them as do not fear to fall off,) and do it fine, in a diversity of fashions, after their several tastes and capabilities. A very favorite mode of display with several of them, is to approach some curricle or phæton containing ladies, and spurring and checking on the curb at the same moment, which sets their 'tits' on the 'rocking horse move,' (few of them dare to provoke a real rearing and plunging match,) try hard to witch the fair beholders with their 'noble horsemanship.'

One of these gents, on the first day's turn out, whose heels were both armed and adorned with a pair of tremendous, long-necked, show spurs, cribbed from the shop window, and to be duly returned thereto before master 'missed them from their wonted' card, trying it on after the aforesaid fashion, and going it with the crane persuaders a *leetle* too hard, the galled jade he bestrode lost patience and forbearance, and did 'wince' with a vengeance; for lashing out with, at the same moment, a sudden malicious depression of forehand, my dandy hardware man was landed neck and heels into the middle of a barrow of ginger beer bottles, that was, as its Irish owner avowed, 'sot down forenint him quite handy.' The concussion caused a number of the bottles to pop off, like a small rolling fire of musketry. What between the hurt from the fall, the trouncing received from the barrow-woman, and the cost of damages exacted on the spot, the poor fellow certainly had his pennyworth of the sport, and will never I presume, aspire again to be looked upon as a 'true knight' of fashionable equestrianism, if wearing spurs (particularly a show-pair), is to be a part of his accoutrement. All race courses, in general features, pretty much resemble each other; and we had here the usual quantum of silk jacketed gentlemen riders in their blues and whites, yellows and blacks, and all blacks, strutting about before mounting with a mighty air of consequence, and a host of admiring boys at their heels. Stewards, with a bit of blue ribbon at their button-holes, galloping up and down the course to clear it,—themselves the principal impediment, and most to be feared from their heedless riding, by the race jockeys—like certain criers in certain courts, making more noise in keeping silence than the people in breaking it. Nice young gentlemen in the race-stands, doing the amiable, and 'coming it' particularly sweet to nicer young ladies. Certain thirsty fellows congregating about the different booths and marquees, and 'shooting the sun' every now and then with an uncommon sure aim—to judge from the position of their elbows above their heads. A thousand other little similar diversified matters of person and action in progress;—and then the blast of the bugle, and off they go, white jackets and red, cocktails and switchtails. Go it, ye unfortunates! the hurdles are only four feet high in the clear, and a stout heart and sharp spur will lift you over.—Ah! but it won't though, for see—what a 'tumble down Dick' affair is made of it—an ox leap over a snake fence is a treat to look at, compared with this leap-frog work But look at that handsome fellow who rides the "old swad,' commonly known from the Stewards' entry, by the name of 'Veteran.' By my spurs! he deserves to win,—and mark,—aye, over he goes,—on a bit farther, over again, handsomely,—yet a little farther, and now tickle him gently with the 'persuaders,' and feel his grinders with the bit; lift the 'Old Corporal' prettily, now or never,—there, it is done, and the last jump is the best of all. Veteran wins the race, and is truly much indebted for his victory to the gallant riding of the fine looking fellow who has so well backed him through it.

"To the divil wid all hurdle races, say I, if they can't knock better jumping work out of their garrawns!"* was the exclamation of a sturdy Patlander near, while helping to lift by main strength one of the unfortunate 'miss fires' off the hurdle on which he had stuck. And, in truth, Paddy's opinion and wish might be well echoed with some reason. These hurdle races of ours are generally failures in the way of sport, attended with serious accidents not unfrequently (for instance, the accident to one of the riders at the last Montreal Races), and at the best, stupid affairs. A good trotting match would be far preferable, as my friend, the worthy editor of the Mercury, in exceeding good taste has recommended.

The regatta—what shall I say of the regatta? The pulling by the several clubs was uncommon fine, and particularly that of the winners, "The Quebec Rowing Club," which won both matches in a first-rate style. Perhaps, the advantage possessed by this latter in the way of a training ground (do I perpetrate a bull), in the magnificent bay before the city, into which a very stiff tideway enters, is much in favor of success, as a particularly strong and steady pull is the result. I wish much some one or other of your crack clubs would honor us at our next regatta, with a visit; and I am certain the kindly spirit which pervades the 'brothers of the oar,' would ensure a most good natured contest, and to themselves individually, a most friendly reception. I should like much to see a pull between them and our lads of the craft. Try it on, friend Porter, and see how my suggestion may fit. I had a few years ago the pleasure of witnessing a regatta display by your Gothamites, and my eye and fancy were much taken by the boats and crews I saw at work. They seemed to me to be fine looking fellows in their hookers, and, I doubt not, are equally good fellows out of them.

Would you believe it, we have 'Old Crummles' and 'the Phenomenon' here?—at least, it seems exceeding hard to divest yourself of the idea that Boz had a 'certain Manager and his daughter' in view, when he sketched off the industrious Crummles' family. Certainly, of all the theatrical humbugging I ever witnessed, that in present practice on the boards of our theatre here, 'beats creation' out.

This certain Manager and his '*celebrated*' (!) daughter, the *infant* (!) prodigy, are performing here. *Infant* indeed! Only see how she is dressed out to help the illusion of these infantine displays. Even in the streets it is singular how long shawls and full filled trousers add to the stage effect of child-like appearance. Some well filled houses have been the joint result of much and nauseous newspaper puffery, (oh! these pitiful free admissions! how they invariably show up the boasted independence of the press,) and the brazen appearance of the 'old 'un.'

Pity, that this should be, after all that could or might be said to bolster up such trickery; for I have seen matured and sterling talent left to sadly look on empty benches here, night after night, while a doll puppet sort of dressing up of Richard, Shylock, &c., with a proper quantum of the mouthing, start, and grimace, (taught, no doubt, by the older Crummles himself,) and a balderdash representation of more balderdash nonsense, entitled "*Six separate characters*," or something similar,—and all this by a clever, forward girl, (she is certainly clever) but not particularly more so than twenty such like, to be picked out from any set of city boarding schools. However, 'Old Crummles' has not all the fun to himself; for the wags of the city are commencing matters in the hoaxing line, and I predict that it will be a pretty gone case of *hoax* versus *humbug*, up to the period of his departure If you print this, I dare say the 'old 'un' will come out strong; let him do so, and provoke a downright show up in good earnest, for, I repeat, a more arrant stage charlatan never bamboozled the public, than this same brazen 'Old Crummles.'

The third steamboat bell is ringing; and as I am writing this for a particular opportunity of transmission, just believe me, dear P., in all sincerity,

Yours to command, MORGAN RATTLER.

Quebec, Sept. 8th, 1839.

* Irish term for an indifferent horse

OLD RACES OVERHAULED.

BELFIELD, Va., Sept. 6th, 1839.

Mr Editor,—I do not know what excuse to make for writing you, but the one I shall offer may be found in a P. S. subjoined, which I hope will be satisfactory; if it is not, or when it ceases to be so, why, all you have got to do is to call on me and I am your man. I do not wish you to expose this new way of settling "family jars," if your wrath will permit you to conceal it, but if any of your *spirited* friends should get themselves into the same "dilemma," you have my consent to let them *confidentially* into the secret; but, sir, I here say, once for all, that *that* P. S. is never to find its way into the *prints*, under any circumstances. If a M.S. copy of it will be of service to any of your friends and patrons, why I have not the conscience to refuse you the liberty of furnishing them at your discretion.

Well, having disposed of this affair in the best manner I know of, I will suppose ourselves on amicable terms, and write you a few familiar lines on other matters, (not of state) but of the turf. I see BOOTS rather intimates a match, or "*family* jerk," to ATHLETICS, on *Bandit* vs. *Jack Pendleton*; so says PACCOON, in the "Spirit." I wonder why they do not make it? Is the fault in Athletics or Jack P.? I should call them both game—I saw Jack P. run in a race with Bandit, over the Fairfield Course, the Spring they were 3 yrs. old, which race is reported in the A. T. Register, vol. 9, No. 7, p. 324—*Davy Fylde* won the race after a close contest with Bandit, and Jack P. was distanced as reported. But why was he distanced? for the same reason that he did not win the race, viz., he fell in the first heat, running perfectly at his ease and exactly where he wished to be, only rather close up; when he did not intend to make an attempt to win the heat. After the heat an offer was made to put up another stake of $300, if they would allow him to start again; but Bandit and Davy did not wish any more of his custom, and declined further company. It was the general impression that Jack P. could have won the first or any other heat in the race. But, still, in the report above alluded to he is merely marked "dis." and no allusion made to the accident. Now, who could have forwarded such a report to the Register. I do not reckon Col. White did it, but those knowing gents., Boots, Paccoon, and such-like, should correct that before they challenge. I would not have you suppose that *I suspect either of them of the injustice*. After all it must have been Col. White, and his modesty prevented his saying that *his horse Jack* lost by falling.

You will find another omission nearly similar at p 374, Vol. 9, No. 8, in reporting the Jockey Club race of the same Spring over the Tree Hill Course The horses that started in the race were the following; *Duane*, *Tornado*, Gen HARVEY'S b. h. *John Lindsay*, *Milwaukie*, *Josephus*, *Spindle*, and *Tom Walker*. Josephus is reported "dis." without any intimation whatever that he broke down, and now that I have called your attention to this race I must ask indulgence, whilst I give my reasons for doing so. He was bred by Mr. JOHN GOODRUM, Sr., one of the few surviving heroes of the Revolution, and who is fully worthy of being numbered amongst those choice spirits; he was sold to Mr. HENRY MACLIN for $2,000. After his race at Belfield, two mile heats, (spring 1838) which he won easily in 3:58—3:52½. Mr. Maclin has strong claims for justice, having been a constant breeder, and devoted to the turf for forty odd years. In the spring, 1837, I heard him say he had never paid a forfeit on one of his colts. He trains for amusement and runs for the same.

But to return to Josephus' race. The Jockey on Jo. was ordered to keep up within a few lengths of the foremost horse, until the last half mile, and then to make a run for the heat, but unfortunately his saddle slipped entirely over upon the neck of the horse, and he could neither pull him behind nor give him the least support, and in the first half mile he was twenty or thirty yards clear of every horse, and ran the heat with but little variation in that position. I saw his rider put his hands upon the mane and push himself back to prevent going over several times. As he passed the Judge's stand in the 3d mile he fell upon his knees, but recovered with his rider; and I think that fall, together with the circumstance of his saddle slipping, caused his legs to fail. After the heat he was quite lame, and was supposed to be cramped—but he cooled out finely and was all as fresh as before the run, save his lameness. In the 2d heat he went for the lead, which he took, and maintained it for one mile and three quarters—Duane laying pretty well up, and Gen. Harvey's horse doing the running; when Duane seeing he had to do his own work or lose the race, made a desperate run at Jo., but found him too speedy to pass, and was forced to lay upon his hip for the remaining quarter of that mile, and for three quarters of the third, when Jo. suddenly gave back and became very lame. Duane, though not forced through, ran the mile in 1:52. They moved slowly along the fourth mile, Jo. making no exertion to go up, which allowed the long string behind to come within the distance. Mr. M., *who always runs*, started him for the third heat, (although it was evident he was let down), in which his pasterns came to the ground, and it was with difficulty he was got to the stables. Now, in justice to both men and horse, I submit these facts to you for consideration. There are very many, in common with myself, who think that he could have won with all ease but for his legs failing, for it was evident he had Duane doing all he could, and he was under a strong pull and going easy, when he broke down. I am of opinion, and so are many better judges, that he was the very best son of Eclipse. I heard an old turfite say they ran the third mile in the second heat like quarter horses. You may do just what you please with the above.

I am yours, most respectfully, A SPECTATOR.

THE MISSISSIPPI TURF.

PORT GIBSON, Sept. 17, 1839.

Dear Sir,—We had a meeting last week of the members of the Grand Gulf Jockey Club, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were elected:—Dr. NEWEL, President; Messrs. Isaiah Watson, Esq., and Col. Bridges, Vice Presidents; Charles Hamilton, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer; Messrs. McBryde, R. F. Moore, and G. J. Ballard, Esqrs., Stewards. The Fall Meeting will come off on the second Wednesday, 13th Nov., and continue four days. The purses will be respectable, and much sport, from the number of horses in training, is expected. I hope you will do us the favor to publish this meeting in the "Spirit of the Times" and "Sporting Magazine."

I have a chesnut mare, *Sugar Lips*, 7 yrs. old, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Sir Charles, grandam by Constitution, whose pedigree is not complete. I purchased her and two others of EDWARD M. BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, who informed me she was raised by WM. TRENT EGLESTON, of Va., and he stated that either this gentleman or Col. JOHNSON could give me the pedigree in full Should this meet the eye of the above named gentleman, I would receive it as a great favor to have the balance of her pedigree supplied through your paper. She is stinted to Mr. JOHN ROUTH'S imported colt.

I saw this mare run last Fall at Port Gibson, the best 3 in 5. The report furnished you by the Secretary of the first and fourth days was entirely incorrect. By that report Sugar Lips was placed 4th the 1st heat, and distanced the 2d. The fact is that she ran *Bob Long* up to the saddle flap the 1st heat, was second in the 2d heat, and was fourth and drawn the 3d heat. She had been sick for six days previous to the race, and had not, I ascertained, drank a gallon of water each day during the whole time. General NICOL'S filly *Rosalba* is made by the report to have won the 1st heat in the first day's race. The fact is, in the first heat she fell down in running the first quarter, and was distanced. The heat was taken by Bob Long.

I see no publication of the races over the Hamberlin Course, Jefferson Co., Miss., last Fall. They commenced on the third Wednesday in November, and continued four days. The first day was won by L. NORRIS'S mare by Trumpator, beating two others, at three heats. The two mile day was won in two heats by Messrs. WALKER & CLARKE'S *Mary Jones*, beating Mr. HURD'S *Chevalier*, and L. Norris's *Sally Harrison*, in 4:02—4:04. The third day, four mile heats, was won by Mr. BARRY'S *Sir Ariss*, in two heats, beating Mr. WATSON'S *John Anderson*, and Messrs. Walker & Clark's *Bully Woodman*, in 8:15—8:32.

Several gentlemen have entered with spirit into the raising of pure bloods in this country, thanks to the "Turf Register" and the "Spirit of the Times." I have no doubt that we shall have in a few years some as fine colts bred in this and the adjoining Counties as any State can boast of.

Yours very respectfully, T.

DECEPTION.

WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1839.

The subject of the following observations was bred by Mr. Sadler, and is by Defence, dam Lady Stumps; color, bay; fifteen hands and a half high. Deception came to the starting-post as a two-year-old; she was beaten at the Bath Spring Meeting by Westonian; but won the celebrated Kelston Park Stakes at Bath, beating b. c. by Sultan, dam Clara, who has since been named Clarion, and who on the near approach of the decision of the late Derby, raised himself to distinguished eminence in the betting list for that important stake; she came out for the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, and was beaten by Wapiti; she was beaten by Wapiti a second time, at the same meeting, for the Molecomb Stakes; at Salisbury she came out for and won the T. Y. O. Stakes, beating Sister to Carnaby, b. f. by Sultan, dam Mrs. Baggs, and b f. by Emilius, out of Farce.

Deception experienced the ill-effects of these repeated struggles (at two years of age), and continued somewhat amiss, or at least not exactly "all right," during the greater part of the winter, which was unusually mild, for the most part, and therefore greatly in favor of overstrained racers, or valetudinarians of any description. In the spring she began to "train on," and from continuing in a state of neglect by speculators throughout the gloomy period of the year to which I have above alluded, she came into the betting for the Derby, and seemed established (for some time at least) at 20 to 1. She continued to go on well, and would unquestionably have advanced much higher on the list of the odds for the Derby, become the favorite indeed, had it not been for that system of ambuscade and surprise which is too frequently resorted to on such occasions. During the winter the betting, from running so much in the same channel, appeared, if not exactly monotonous, less interesting and less energetic than usual: yet the aggregate amount of registered pecuniary engagements was considerable; Cæsar had kept the lead with extraordinary regularity, the Dey of Algiers and Erin-go-Bragh had attracted superior attention, and the only remarkable retrogressive movements were those of Ilderim and Flambeau, who, from rivalling each other for the second position in the list of the odds, had sunk, the former to insignificance, the latter to nothingness. In this state of things Dragsman appeared, blazing like a comet in the constellation of the odds, and if his tail were not so luminous as that of the heavenly body which appeared so brilliantly and so long to the inhabitants of this country in 1811, there was something much more portentous in this unexpected movement of Dragsman to the disciples of Plutus. It was thus no doubt meant to be understood that Dragsman was "the horse of Scott's stable," and he immediately assumed an imposing appearance in the temple of the god of riches, *alias* the money market. However, the *ruse*, though it tended to impede the rising progress of Deception and several other candidates of well-founded pretensions, did not succeed to any great extent: the trick had been played too often, and had therefore become stale. The counterpart had still to be exhibited, and at what may be well enough called, if not the eleventh hour, the eve of the Derby, Sleight of-hand was avowed as "the horse of Scott's stable," was to be jockeyed by Will Scott, and of course his party wished it to be understood that they considered him very likely to win the Derby—he was booked to win—in appearance at least, though it has since been tolerably well ascertained that the party who wished others to entertain such an exalted opinion of the racing capabilities of Sleight-of-hand, did not estimate them very highly, as they "stood to win" much more largely on Deception. The Marquis of Westminster (owner of Sleight-of-hand) bets very little, if at all; but, being straightforward in his dealings, the exhibition of such sinister farces cannot be pleasing to him.

The Derby nags approached the starting place under unusual delusion; or, in other words, those speculators not in the secret, were thrown into a state of perplexity by the contrivances already noticed; but were cautious, nevertheless, and many of the "most knowing" backed Deception: she had "trained on," and it had been found impossible to keep her condition, her *perfect* condition, it may be said, a secret. To be brief, the general impression amongst the great bulk of those persons who make the affairs of the Turf the business of their lives was, that Deception would win the Derby. Unfortunately for their speculations, they had overlooked Bloomsbury; nor could this circumstance constitute a matter of surprise; however, a matter of recapitulation is rendered unnecessary from what appears under another head.

Deception is a free-going filly, and when at the starting-place for the Derby, became rather impatient perhaps from the length of time occupied in the preparatory cantering and walking; time was thus unnecessarily spent: three times Darling cantered Bosphorus up the rise, and of course walked him slowly back each time!

At starting Deception pulled hard, evidently anxious to take the lead, which her jocky (Trenn) allowed her to do very judiciously, in my opinion: there were amongst the thousands who witnessed the struggle those who thought she was not well ridden—such is not my opinion: she was beaten by a competitor decidedly her superior.

Then came the objection to Bloomsbury's pedigree; there was valid foundation for this objection on account of the incorrectness of the Stud Book; but, after the explanation given of the manner in which it originated, and the incontestible evidence brought forward by Mr. Ridsdale, no disinterested mind can for a moment entertain a doubt on the subject. Such is the fallibility of human nature, however, that persons will always be found tenaciously withholding the payment of their debts as long as they can allege an excuse for the purpose. That the various sums adventured in support of Deception for the Derby reach a very great amount I entertain not the least doubt; and after the indications manifested by some persons of the party (the flagrant attempt to corrupt Mr. Swann's groom, for instance,) the settlement for the Derby can scarcely be expected to prove ultimately satisfactory.

If the nags which came to the starting-place for the Derby were an indifferent lot, those who congregated for the Oaks were worse: they were a weedy collection. In the conformation of Deception, there is nothing to call forth particular remark; she proved herself superior to her competitors, and she may be considered the most finely formed; there is an union or harmonious correspondence in the sections of her conformation, while a general wiryness (an excellent quality or characteristic) pervades her frame. This wiryness enabled her to "train on," after her overstraining exertion last year, and also to win the Oaks, after having run a very severe race for the Derby; she looked as well as on the previous Wednesday, and was equally "eager for the fray."

Deception is one of those racers which may be said to have survived her two-year old public exertions; but what has become of Westonian and Wapiti by whom she was beaten? What has become of the greater part of the two-year olds who raced last year, particularly such of them as were brought repeatedly to the starting-post? Would that two-year old stakes were abandoned altogether! It unfortunately happens by the system of early racing, that the most promising "young things" suffer more severely than those of inferior pretensions, as in the case of those already mentioned; and also that of Azdorf, Whim, Quid, Lais, Vexation, Alms, Vale of Belvoir, &c. &c. Further, the fleeter the progressive motion of the horse, the more forcibly must his weight be thrown, every stride, on his fore legs and feet; and consequently operate in the same proportion on the immature tendon, the pastern joint, and the fine network of the foot.

The horse in a state of nature stands in no need of that iron rim to his feet, called a shoe; the wild horses of the Ukraine, and those whose numbers almost darken the boundless savannas of the western world, are destitute of the aid of the shoeing smith; such of the latter as the South American chooses to secure by means of his lasso, and reduce to a state of subjection, he does not trouble, I believe, with shoes: but when the animal is compelled to perambulate unyielding and stony roads, a protection for the foot becomes indispensable. And so of the racer; though not forced along hard roads like the hack, shoes become requisite for the protection of his feet: to leave his public performance out of the question, he is subjected to quick work in his exercise, with weight on his back, and therefore requires the iron protector, at least in the wet and variable climate of this country.

When the first caravan for the conveyance of racers from one part of the kingdom to another came under my notice, there appeared something very uncouth in its appearance, something un-English in its use; yet custom has reconciled me to one, and common sense to the other. Travelling on the roads must be injurious to the feet of the racer, in the first place, to say nothing of collateral considerations. Supposing a nag has one hundred miles to travel, it will occupy four days, during which he cannot receive his food with that systematic regularity which characterises the proceedings of the training stable, while his proper exercise is superseded by leg-weary walking on the hard and uneven road. The caravan conveyance obviates all this: one hundred miles can thus be accomplished easily in two days, the horse in a comfortable stable while travelling, with time for exercise at the place where the animal and his cortége happen to continue for the night.

Shoeing, I apprehend, is dispensed with in Arabia. In that part of the world the horse has chiefly to traverse plains of sand, where shoes are not necessary for the protection of the feet; and then again the nature of the climate, and of the country, renders the crust of the horse's hoof very hard: of all the Arabian horses which have fallen under my observation, I never met with one having bad, or even ill-formed, feet. However, I am not amongst the number of those

who, because shoeing is necessary in this country, assert that the horse is thus placed in a state of torture; since, if such were the case, the animal must necessarily go lame, if, indeed, he could go at all. The shoe is indispensable to the foot of the horse in this country, and the object should be to ascertain the form best calculated for the purpose, and the most eligible mode of attaching it to the foot.

Yet it must be admitted, that the present system of the turf, the use of the caravan included amongst the evils, is rapidly destroying the most valuable qualities of the horse—perseverance, and the power of carrying weight. Formerly the racers were shorter on the leg than those of the present day, but they appear to have been equally fleet, could carry weight, and run four miles—four mile heats if necessary. But then they were not brought out till they had attained something like maturity; they commenced their racing career at an age when the modern racer is about to retire—at an age, indeed, which few modern racers obtain on the course.

Flying Childers was foaled in 1715, but not brought on the course till he had completed his sixth year. He was a trifle more than fifteen hands high, but yet could carry weight, go the pace and the distance also. In October, 1722, Childers beat the Earl of Drogheda's Chaunter, 10st. each, six miles, for 1.000 guineas. He ran a trial agst. Almanzor and Brown Betty, carrying 9st. 2lb, over the Round Course at Newmarket, which he accomplished in six minutes and forty seconds, the distance being three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards.

Bay Bolton (first called Brown Lusty) was bred by Sir Matthew Pierson, Bart., of Yorkshire, and sold to the Duke of Bolton. He was foaled in 1705, but did not make his debut on the course till 1710 (when he had attained his fifth year) when he came out at York, and won Queen Anne's gold cup for six year old horses, 12st., four mile heats, beating eight six year old horses; a circumstance which proves the forwardness of Bay Bolton, as also his extraordinary power in thus being able to give away a year, and carry off the prize in the face of eight acknowledged good competitors. The racing career of Bay Bolton was eminently successful; he beat the Duke of Somerset's Wyndham in a match; in another match, he vanquished Sir Matthew Pierson's Merlin; twice he defeated the celebrated Mr. Frampton's Dragon. If Bay Bolton was eminent as a racer, he was equally valuable as a stallion. He died in the Duke of Bolton's stud, Bolton Hall, Yorkshire, about the year 1736, being upwards of thirty years of age.

Lamprie, own brother to Bay Bolton, was bred by Sir Matthew Pierson, Bart., and sold to Thomas Panton, Esq., of Newmarket. Lamprie was not brought out till 1721, when he had attained his sixth year. After beating a mare belonging to the Duke of Somerset, and winning the King's Plate at Lewis, he became the property of Mr. Neale, in whose possession he won the King's Plate at Newmarket, in October, 1721; after which he was sold to Sir William Morgan, Bart., in whose hands he won the King's Plate at Newmarket, in April, 1722. Lamprie continued on the course for some years, racing very successfully, and beating, amongst the number of his opponents, Lord Milsintowne's Rake, Lord Tankerville's celebrated Sophonisba, Mr. Grisewood's Puzzle, and the famous Carlisle Gelding. He was the sire of several very superior racers, but was unfortunately killed at the time when he was becoming a favorite stallion.

Brocklesby Betty was bred by Charles Pelham, Esq., of Brocklesby, in Lincolnshire, was foaled in 1711, and made her first appearance on the course in April, 1716 (rising six), at Newmarket, beating a mare of the Duke of Devonshire, for 100 guineas; in the following August, she beat ten mares, for the royal cup, at Hambleton. In 1717, Betty beat eight mares, for the royal cup, at Newmarket; in August she won the silver tea-board at Lincoln; and the gold cup (value £60) at York, 10st., four mile heats, running three heats for it. Brocklesby Betty beat all the best horses of her time, although she had been a brood mare before she was trained for the course. At the close of her racing career, she was placed in the breeding stud a second time, and was the dam of a considerable number of racers.

Fox, commonly called the Old Fox, was bred by Sir Ralph Ashton, Bart., and sold to Matthew Lister, Esq. He was foaled in 1714, and was brought on the course for the first time in 1719, at York, for the Ladies' Plate for five year olds, 10st., four miles, which he won, beating Bay Jack, Black Legs, and nine others. He was then sold to the Duke of Rutland, in whose possession he beat the Duke of Wharton's Stripling, at Newmarket, for a considerable sum. He won two King's Plates at Newmarket, the King's Plate at Lewes, and received 250 guineas from the Duke of Wharton's Swallow. Fox then became the property of Mr. Cotton, of Sussex, in whose hands he won the 300 guineas stakes at Quainton Meadow; he afterwards beat Lord Hilborough's Witty Gelding, for 2,000 guineas, from whom he also received a forfeit of 100 guineas; he likewise beat Lord Drogheda's Snip, in three matches, for considerable sums, and Mr. Frampton's Miss Worsop, for 200 guineas. Fox became a stallion in Lord Portmore's stud, and died in his Lordship's possession in the spring of 1738, aged 24. He was the sire of Captain Appleyard's Cuddy and Conqueror, of the Duke of Bolton's Goliah and Merry Andrew, of Lord Portmore's Victorious and Slip-by, of Mr. Witty's Meliora (dam of the famous Tartar, sire of King Herod), of the dam of the Duke of Cumberland's Crab, Sir William Middleton's Childerkin, Mr. Shafto's Snap, Northumberland, Swiss, Legacy, &c., &c.

Mr. Panton's Crab, a grey horse, foaled in 1722, by the Alcock Arabian, did not come out till he was six years old; and after racing successfully for two seasons, was accidentally lamed. He then became a stallion in Mr. Panton's stud at Newmarket, in whose possession he died on Christmas day, 1750, aged 28. He was the sire of many eminent nags.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, racers began to make their appearance on the course when four years old; such was the case with the celebrated Gimcrack, who was foaled in 1760, and made his debut May 31, 1764, at Epsom. After racing successfully for six years, he became a stallion at Oxcroft Farm, near Newmarket; in 1773 he was stinted to thirty mares, at thirty guineas each, which continued his price for four successive seasons. Gimcrack measured fourteen hands one-quarter of an inch.

We may thus proceed, and we shall find, that as the age of racers became gradually reduced when they were brought on the course, their incapacity for carrying weight and running long distances became correspondingly perceptible; diseases also made their appearance, particularly of the forelegs and feet, till at length a sound racer six years old, is rarely to be met with.

London Sportsman for July.

Agricultural.

CATTLE FOR NEW YORK MARKET.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

Sir—Having conversed with several farmers in this country about the management and breeding of cattle, it was with the greatest astonishment that I learned the total want of skill which exists where that most valuable branch of husbandry is concerned,—a branch which in any country is of the greatest utility, but in America must be particularly so, when we consider the various diseases with which it has pleased Providence to afflict several parts of it, and which all may be traced to the too great use of hog's flesh, which must be used in the absence of beef and mutton in spring. It has been allowed, on all hands, that the object which the great Lawgiver had in view when in his wisdom he prohibited the Israelites the use of swine's flesh, was the prevention of diseases likely to be engendered, in a hot changeable climate, from a pork diet, and also that in furtherance of that object, every meat which they were allowed the use of was of a generous juicy nature, calculated to be eaten fresh. I should think myself most fortunate if, with my humble means of usefulness, I could make one less the "many ills that men are heir to," in any country, but particularly in America, the country of my adoption, my refuge from the persecution of intolerance, my sanctuary from scorn and the scorners. I will, therefore, if you will permit me, shew through the columns of your valuable paper the means by which a supply of first-rate fresh meat can be secured to your market in the season when it is generally scarcest; and to begin, will describe the method in which the market of London is supplied with meat, which is deservedly the wonder of all foreigners.

The cattle are put into house, in the months of October, the moment the grass begins to fail, they are there fed, first with turnips and then with mangel worsel. They are kept in this way all the winter, during which time they continue to improve at such a rate as should be seen to be believed, in every instance paying fifty per cent. for their keep, and in many instances cent. per cent. If this profit can be realised in Europe, where land sets so high as twenty, thirty, and in some instances forty dollars an acre per annum, how much more could be made upon capital invested in the same manner in America, where the land is so much cheaper, and naturally so much better, where there is no competition, and where there is a market sufficient to absorb all that can be raised in this way, as fast as it can be produced. The stall-feeding of cattle requires little manual labour, and that little at a time of year, when nearly a total suspension of farming operations takes place; it has besides many advantages, it tends to produce an improved breed of cattle, and will, no doubt act as an incentive, inducing farmers to clear land, which is at present lying in a state of nature; as from the uncertainty of grain crops, and the number of hands necessary to bring their produce into market, numbers have been deterred from engaging in landed speculations, have got into the mercantile line, which they knew nothing about, and finally became bankrupts. A large stall-feeding establishment can be known in the old country for a considerable distance round where the cattle are kept, from the benefit which it bestows on the land, as there is a reproduction arising from the manure it affords, which repays the land fourfold, that which is taken from it. Should your readers wish to pursue their inquiries farther upon this subject, I will, with pleasure, from time to time, explain to them, through you, the different modes by which cattle can be raised, the best breed of them, the most advantageous method in which this country cattle should be crossed with the Durham, the Liecester, the Devon, and the Ayrshire breeds, so as to produce a description of cattle suited to each locality; also, the cultivation of the several kinds of food for their use, their treatment while fattening, and the construction of sheds for their keep. When we have exhausted that subject I intend, with your permission, to commence with that of sheep, their breeding, treatment, and diseases, and have no doubt of being able to prove, to the satisfaction of sheep owners, that they are losing cent. per cent. upon their capital, compared with what might be made of it. Should any of your readers wish to consult me personally, respecting their cattle speculations, I am to be heard of as at foot, and have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient servant,

No. 255 Pearl-st., near the United States Hotel. HENRY BROWN.

KENTUCKY AGRICULTURE.

This young and vigorous commonwealth is making rapid strides in the march to greatness, and is outstripping, by far, most of her elder sisters in the confederacy, in the increase and developement of her internal resources. The enthusiasm which her gallant sons have evinced in seeking out and prosecuting with success the means best calculated to increase her wealth, and influence, and prosperity, has not been exceeded even by the gallant bearing displayed in the times "which tried men's souls"—and it is to our minds a source of much pleasure, and presents an object of sublimity, to behold those who have gained honor and distinction in the councils of the nation, in the battle field, and in the arts and sciences, devoting their energies to the amelioration of the condition of their fellow-men, and to the advancement of knowledge and happiness throughout the land. The various accounts which we find in the periodicals of this State, of Agricultural Fairs, Shows and Associations, and the liberal premiums awarded for pre-eminence in the different departments of husbandry, display a devotion to the good cause, which places her in a proud position among her sister states. The valuable importations which have been made for that state, from Europe, of Cattle and other stock, display a public-spiritedness worthy of admiration—and the enormous prices which have been received at sales made from those importations, shew that those who have been foremost in the enterprize have not counted without their host, on being sustained in their endeavors to introduce the very best individuals of the best breeds, as the price recently paid for an imported cow (upwards of $2000) fully testifies.

At the meeting of the State Society, held at Frankfort in January last, an able address was delivered by Col. C. S. Todd, which we should be pleased, but for its length, to publish entire in the Farmer—we cannot, however, omit making a few extracts, which we have little doubt will be acceptable to the reader. After alluding to the fact that Agriculture constitutes the business of seven eighths of every civilized community, and is the ultimate source of all national power and wealth, commerce and manufactures being only subordinate results of this main spring—and that if it be conceded that it is the duty of the legislator to consult the good of the greatest possible number in the community, the transcendant claims of this class will not be questioned, the Orator urges the necessity and importance of aid, by the means of the State, to elevate the standard of good farming, by the endowment of agricultural societies, and of agricultural professorships in colleges, to induce experiments and impart scientific knowledge in all the branches of farming. He then makes the following remarks, which are applicable to any place, and may, with all confidenee, be recommended as worthy of attention and adoption at *home*, as well as abroad:—

"The advances made in agriculture by the Romans, so beautifully illustrated by their poets and orators, shared the fate of other improvements that were buried in the dark ages, and it was not until the revival of letters that the present system of farming commenced in Flanders about 800 years ago; and although the soil was originally a barren white sand, it now yields twice as much as the lands in England. The practicability of *creating* soil is shewn in the history of Flemish husbandry. They seem to want nothing but a space to work on, whatever was the quantity or the quality of the soil, they made it productive. It is their maxim, that "without manure there is no corn—without cattle there is no manure—and without grain crops or roots, cattle cannot be kept."—The productiveness of their lands proceeded from six causes—small farms, manure, rotation of crops, clover and roots, cutting the forage and grinding the grain—and the farmers giving their personal attention to their farms; no lumbering, no fishing, no speculation, no hankering after office. If the personal digression be pardonable, I will refer, in connexion with this subject, to an incident which occurred in my own history when entering upon the cultivation of the soil. In conversing with an experienced farmer, I was led to inquire as to the best mode of making corn. He told me that I must *keep my work horses fat*. I did not then perceive the comprehensive character of his counsel, but have long since realized that it implies every thing connected with good cultivation, although neither he nor I then knew that Cato, one of the most illustrious of the Romans, 2000 years ago, had announced that "the true secret of farming consists in *feeding well*."

"The great Von Thaer first introduced into Prussia, under the auspices of the segacious Frederic, the agricultural schools, which, 'connected the science with the practice of agriculture—which made the gentlemen farmers, and farmers gentlemen—combining intellectual with physical power, and literature with labor.' Frederic expended a million annually for these purposes, and said he considered it as *manure spread upon the ground*. In Paris a society has been formed which communicates with more than 200 local societies in France, receiving annually the sum of $100,000 from the public treasury. Agricultural colleges have been established at S. Petersburgh and Moscow, in Prussia, Bavaria, Hungary, Wurtemburg, Ireland, France, and in Scotland, who effected her late astonishing improvement by her skilful agriculturalists reducing their practice to writing, thus establishing agriculture as a science. Fellenburg has a school in Switzerland with pupils from Switzerland, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, North and South America. The Highland Society in Scotland has appropriated 500 sovereigns as a premium for the first successful application of steam-power to the cultivation of the soil, and premiums for other objects, to the amount of $15,000. The agricultural condition, both of England and Scotland, has been advanced to its present prosperity by the lights of science applied to the cultivation of the soils. The tour of Sir Arthur Young, to the continent in 1788–9, for the purpose of looking into the countries there under the best system of farming, produced the first decided advances in England to her present agricultural maturity and the perfection to which the art has been brought in Scotland, is ascribed chiefly to the endowment of an agricultural Board, through the influence and exertions of Sir John Sinclair.

"Agricultural societies are now to be regarded as experiments: they are the peculiar privileges of modern times. Before they were formed, in New England and New York, 10 bushels rye, 20 of corn, 200 of potatoes, and one ton of hay, was the average crop. Since premiums were offered, claims have been presented for having raised from 40 to 60 bushels of rye, from 115 to 122 of corn, from 400 to 500 of potatoes, and from 3 to 4 tons of hay. Massachusetts gives a bounty equal to the cost of manufacture upon the growth of silk, and upon manufacturing beets into sugar. After experiencing the benefits of a former appropriation she has voted to continue it. Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, have also granted a bounty upon the growth of silk. Will these examples and these results be lost upon us? Will not the State as well as the farmer profit by the experience acquired in other States of the value derived from legislative encouragement, and ought not an agricultural survey to follow the geological reconnoisance now in progress, which will develop the intimate relation between the minerals that the earth covers and the true method of cultivating its surface?"

These facts cannot be gainsaid, and appeal with full force to the legislature of our own State, as well as to others, for that assistance which the interests of the great mass of their constituency require at their hands. Nor is the view presented in the annexed extract, less self-evident, and we hope it will have the effect of inducing a more general attention to the dissemination of knowledge by the means pointed out:—

"The endowment of agricultural schools and the circulation of agricultural journals is rendered the more necessary from a consideration of the peculiar habits and modes of thinking prevalent among our farmers. As a class of people they have little intercourse with each other; they do not preserve the results of their experiments in books, like mechanics and manufacturers; they have rarely held conventions to concentrate into a focus the lights of the day, to be thence imparted through the press to the remotest ends of the republic; they entertain an unworthy prejudice towards the attainments of book farming; they profess to be too old to seek or receive information upon the great business of their lives, and therefore we must look to the means which shall enlighten the rising generation for any hope of future high attainments in agricultural knowledge. In designating the source of these unpropitious notions among our farmers, we shall perceive at once the pernicious influence of their reluctance to read agricultural journals; and as if they had designed to set at nought all the maxims of common prudence, we find them encouraging and sustaining nearly one thousand political papers, whilst not more than twenty papers, devoted to agriculture, are supported by a class whose numbers and importance are in the inverse ratio of their distinctive journals. The farmer is content to meet his neighbor at the court-yard, at the muster, at the election, and occasionally at the fire-side in the winter, to converse about his farm and his products, and sometimes about the reason of different modes of cultivation, but he will reject a newspaper devoted to agriculture, which conveys to him the concentrated experience of all the intelligent and practical farmers who have lived in every country and in every age, and cannot be persuaded to realize that in perusing the pages of the N. Y. Cultivator, the Genesee Farmer, the Farmers' Cabinet, of Penn, the Farmers' Register of Va., the Buckeye Ploughboy, of O., and the Maine Farmer, the N. E. Farmer, the Farmer & Gardener, (American Farmer,) of Balt., and the Franklin Farmer, he is conversing at his leisure with those in every age who have made farming both a science and a business. In view then of these facts, who can estimate the vast amount of every species of improvement in cultivation, the results of individual exertion for ages, that has been lost for the want of convenient methods of communication; or who would now attempt to calculate the addition that has been made to our stock of agricultural knowledge and wealth by the publications which are now diffusing their light all over the country."

American Farmer.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence, on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October.

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma.

W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*

Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughou the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting o 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS, JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL, Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23, 8139.—[jy 13]

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE, J. C. BRANCH, THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*

[oct5]

SITUATION WANTED AS TRAINER.

THE subscriber having had considerable experience as a trainer in the Middle and Southern States, is desirous of getting a permanent situation. Satisfactory references will be given to any gentleman wishing to employ.

J. K. DAWSON.

Scotland Neck, N. C.—[sept 28-4t]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

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RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ASHLAND, Tenn. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 29th.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
CAMDEN, S. C. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
CYNTHIANA, Ky. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
CAMPBELL STATION, Tenn. Fall Races, 1st Wednesday, 6th Nov.
COLUMBUS, Miss. - - Hyde Park Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va. Mulberry Course, J.C. F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
GALVESTON, Texas - Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
HUNTSVILLE, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss. A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MACON, Ga. - - - - - Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
MAURY Co. Tenn. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, Oct. 21st.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW YORK CITY - - Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
NASHVILLE, N. C. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, Nov. 13.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" " Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raiby, Nov. 11.
" " Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
RAYMOND, Miss. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, about the 1st of Nov
" " Match, $1000 a side, *Leesburg* vs. *Red Bone*, Wednesday, 30th Oct.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - - State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
SELMA, Ala. - - - - - Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.

Miscellaneous.

A Sporting Article.—Joe Manton would have doven at the flash, and ducked down as fast as he could paddle to the door of exit, had he passed through Quincy Hall last week and caught a glimpse in section No. 2, of a finely finished and elegant double gun, made by N. N. Wilmot for Gen. James Abercrombie, of Georgia, expressly for deer shooting. The ornamental part of the work is beautiful, but as the true sportsman looks with a keener eye to the useful and convenient in his choice of apparatus than to mere finery, however neat and simple, we were induced to examine this gun with more than ordinary scrutiny. It is a first rate article in every respect, and we doubt if it has a superior. It is a heavy gun withal, but it is so admirably balanced as to feel light, and it comes up to the shoulder with such ease, and finds so quick and perfect a rest there, that it seems almost impossible that it should ever miss its object. Wilmot enjoys a high reputation with our sportsmen, and this gun will prove to their Southern brethren that it is well deserved. It was added to the Fair at a very late hour, or we doubt not it would have commanded the favorable notice of the Judges. Boston Transcript.

An Extraordinary Shot.—Mr. Editor,—I read in yesterday's "Sunday Times" a letter headed "The Extraordinary Shot," in which the writer says he don't believe that I accidentally killed a buck and a pony with one ball, as stated in the Morning Chronicle, the pony being seventy yards distant from the buck—and then asks at what distance I killed the buck? Now, Sir, I killed the buck (being myself hid in a plantation) at the stepped distance of 25 yards and odd feet, say 26 yards. I shot the deer through the poll, as he stood with his back to me; the ball went out at the ear, at about half a right angle, and killed the pony (luckily without touching the man on it) at 70 yards off—the ball, therefore, went 96 yards.

Now, Sir, I have been used to a rifle, man and boy, these five and thirty years, and if your correspondent in Dover-street had ever been out of it, and been used to handling a rifle, instead of reading about them in books, he would have known that a ball from an eighteen bore rifle may go through a buck's head and out of his ear, and many a yard over seventy after that. It certainly is not a shot I should be apt to boast of, and I only wish I had my pony back again. The direction of the ball was extraordinary and very unlucky; but as for the distance, the Kentuckian, and the other gentleman with the hard name, whom the self-dubbed "Old Sportsman" mentions, need not be afraid I shall interfere with them. I am, Sir, yours, &c. GEORGE WORT,
Wilton House, Sept. 2, 1839. Park-keeper to the Earl of Pembroke.

A Quarrel—Yesterday, while passing by a building on which several negroes were at work, our attention was arrested by hearing two of the darkies in a dialogue of high words. One of them was on the scaffolding, and the other standing on the ground, near a pile of bricks.

"Whoy, you knows, Sam,"—said the animated lump of 'Day and Martin,' who stood below, looking up, and rolling the white of his eye, which resembled a poached egg,—"you knows you can't shine whar dis child is no how."

"Look heaw, Pomp, you tar-baby, I feels de greates comtenterfection for you and all your innuwenders, I does; de fac is I looks *down* on you wid parfec contemp—you's all togedder *below* me."

"None of dem sinnervations, niggar, I shant stan it. I take one ob dese bricks and fotch you off'n dat dare scaffol, quicker dan you git on it, if you offers any more ob your tarnations and tesultin conspressions."

"What dat you talks, you dark rethoropian? Jis stan dare till I cums down dis ladder. I make you tink a bull dog got you!" And thus saying, Sam rattled down from the building, "like a possum down a simmon tree."

The belligerents were about coming to close quarters, when the overseer came up, and spoiled the fun, we walked away. Picayune.

Society for the benefit of Female Musicians.—We lately noticed the formation of this association for the purpose of affording relief, similar to that which is given to its members by the Royal Society of Musicians, to those female members of the professions who are not comprehended in the plan of that excellent institution. This new society has been commenced under the auspices of several of the most distinguished patrons of the art; its affairs are managed by a committee of the most eminent female professors of music in the metropolis; and it promises completely to accomplish its benevolent object. We are happy to learn that the secretary, Miss Masson, has just received a communication from the Queen, announcing her Majesty's gracious consent to become the patroness of the society, with a donation to the fund of 20 guineas. The value of this liberality has been enhanced by its promptitude; for it was only on Friday week that the society's application was transmitted to her Majesty.

Lafont.—This celebrated violinist, who so lamentably met his death on the 23d of August, by a fall from the roof of a diligence, as he was travelling, along with M. Herz, the pianist, from Bigorre to Bagnares, was the son of M. Lafont de Lavonnede, an advocate in the Parliament of Toulouse. He distinguished himself for his musical talents at a very early age; and, after a course of study, chiefly under Rhede, he soon became one of the greatest performers of the age. The veteran Berton gave him instructions in composition, and Garat in vocal music—two branches of the art which are too little attended to by instrumental performers, especially in England, but which give those who *do* attend to them a very decided advantage over those who do not. Lafont, notwithstanding his advanced age, continued to perform with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, and, only a few months ago, gave a public concert in Paris, which he jocularly called his *last*, little dreaming how truly he spoke. He has left a widow and two sons, both employed in the French Foreign Office. The youngest is at present an *attaché* of the embassy at Florence. He has composed a great quantity of music for his instrument, consisting of concertos, airs with variations, and duets for the violin and pianforte. These compositions are admirable.

The Talking Canary:—Alas, poor Dickey! The talking canary has ceased to exist. This wanderful cantator. the boast of his owners. the pride of his species, and the admiration of every beholder, is dead. His career, though brief, was a brilliant one. He made his *debut* in the metropolis last season, and immediately got to the top of the *tree* in his profession, and he was universally admitted to be the canary of most astonishing genius that had ever appeared in public. But his faculties were overstrained, and with a shattered constitution he was brought to Brighton. The refreshing breezes from the sea and the sight of the place of his birth revived him for a time, and during one brief fortnight he delighted numerous audiences by the display of his vocal powers; but alas! Nature was exhausted, and "Sweet pretty Dick" fell seriously ill. The bird-fanciers said it was the pip; but Dickey knew better than any of them all the fatal signs of his disorder—he was fast sinking into a deep decline. He no longer carolled in merry lays, as had been his wont: but his voice grew feebler, and when excited by the presence of beauty he would exclaim, "Sweet pretty Dic't," but then falling back into his former state of stupor, ejaculated "Poor Dickey!" and called upon "Mary, the beautiful maid he adored." His heart was too susceptible, he had conceived a violent passion for some fair creature; but, confined in his cage, he was *debarred* from all hopes of earthly bliss, and the cruel fair made no efforts to release him from his prison, though he longed to *fly* to her arms. On Saturday he sipped his water once, and tried to peck a piece of lettuce; but the effort was too much. He gave one hop to his perch, fluttered for an instant, and gasping fell to the ground. Alas, poor Dickey!—We knew him, kind public; a fellow of infinite song, of most excellent fancy; he hath hopped upon our finger a thousand times. * * * * Where be your chirps now? Your gambols? Your songs? Alas, poor Dickey!

Marriage of Queen Victoria.—The Augsburgh Gazette contains the following passage respecting the marriage of the Queen of England:—"The speech of Queen Victoria on proroguing the Parliament makes no mention of her marriage. As some journals have hence inferred that the matrimonial alliance with the Coburg family was still doubtful, we can affirm on good authority that the meeting of several members of the house of Saxe Coburg at London is for the purpose of settling the necessary preliminaries which must precede the marriage—that is to say, everything relative to the prerogatives and the revenues of the intended husband. As for the question of the marriage itself, and the mutual affection of the parties, all this has been some time decided. The Duchess of Kent and the King of the Belgians have been the most zealous promoters of this alliance." The following mysterious paragraph, from a correspondent of the Sheffield Iris, contradicts the above, it will be seen, in a very authoritative tone, and the statement with which it concludes is not calculated to lessen the interest:—"Again different newspapers insist that Victoria is about to be married to her cousin, and that her uncle, King Leopold, is to make the preparations. Again I tell your readers that it is not true, and that I know, from undoubted authority, that which ought to prevent the Queen marrying, or indeed any lady similarly affected.

Match against Time.—Townsend undertook on Tuesday, at Barnes Common, to walk 20 miles, run one mile, walk one mile forwards, and one backwards, trundle a hoop a mile, wheel a barrow a mile, and to pick up 40 stones, a yard apart, with his mouth, and not touch them at all with his hands, in five successive hours. The weather was much against him, but he completed his task in four hours and fifty-three minutes. He walked the 20 miles in three hours and 43 minutes, the majority of which were done in 10 and 11 minutes each; ran the mile in eight minutes, walked forward in 13, backwards in 14½, trundled the hoop in 9½, wheeled the barrow in 14, and picked up the stones in 11 minutes. The stakes are to be given up at the King's Arms, Cannon-row, Westminster, to-morrow evening. Townsend's friends, it is said, are now inclined to back him to the same match against Mountjoy, for £25 or £50 a side; or he will walk any man 50 miles forward and 50 backwards, for £100; or he will stand on one leg five successive hours, and during the time change his shoes and stockings five times, shave himself, eat a good dinner, drink a pot of beer, and sing a comic song, for £5.

TO MY DURHAM.

Tune—"*Woodman, spare that tree.*"

Durham! spare those trees,
Harm not those tender boughs,
But let them grow in peace,
And elsewhere seek to browse.
'Twas your own master's hand
That placed them in this spot:
Then let my "morus" stand,
Thy mouth shall harm them not.

Those green and thrifty trees,
My hopes must shortly crown,
Then tread not, if you please,
My multicaulis down.
Forbear those midnight haunts,
I've grass and hay to spare;
Oh! save those tender plants,
The silk worms only share.
St. Louis Pennant.

'Twas not for idle sport,
I sought this grateful trade,
In all my gushing joy,
I deemed my fortune made.
With care those twigs I've reared,
And weeded with my hand—
From grass and rubbish cleared;
Then let, oh! let them stand.

My hopes around them twine,
As round a needful friend,
Each twig shall yield me coin,
Till wealth shall make me bend.
Old brute! then get thee gone,
And leave this treasured spot,
For while I've club or gun,
Thy mouth shall harm them not.
MORUS MULTICAULIS.

Novel Stag Hunt at Killarney.—I have been witness to a truly novel and delectably ludicrous chase of a fugitive from the enclosure, that fell in with the Muckross pack, when being exercised in pursuit of a hare. Baffled in every attempt to regain his home in the mountains, the lord of the forest, in ignorance of the country, took his fleet career through the romantic village of Cloughereen. Young and old joined the chase; even the village schoolmaster forgot his birchen sceptre, and "Shaneen threw aside the slate and wasthur" to share in the fun. Along the road poured the uproarious throng as far as the bridge, where the antlered monarch overleaped the battlement; and, after a refreshing swim across the Flesk, was soon lost to hounds' and hunters' ken, and found a temporary shelter in a jungle in the neighbourhood of Ross Island. He was soon, however discovered; and having traversed, in rapid flight, the lands of Bunrower, again plunged into the Flesk, followed by a stout son of the sod, who, panting for the honour and glory of taking the stag, leaped after him, and being unable to swim, his temerity might have cost him his life, but for his activity in grasping the animal by the tail, and in this extraordinary manner was he towed to *terra firma*, frequently exclaiming, during his passage, "Murthur, I'm drowndid if the tail brakes!" After a vain but splendid effort to reach the woods of Cahirnane, the stag was again forced back into the river, closely followed by his pursuers, biped and quadruped, dashing, splashing, swimming, yelling, and roaring, in glorious confusion. A student, from the banks of the Cam, now attempted to capture him, but was, by a kick, prostrated in the liquid element, and the honour of taking him fell to Mr. Herbert, of Cahirnane, who held him firmly till the laggards arrived to his asstsiance, and the lord of the sylvan world was bound and led back to captivity. Limerick paper.

Death of Mrs. Lonsdale.—Died at her residence at Tupgill, near Middleham, Yorkshire, on Friday, August 30, at an advanced age, Mrs. Lonsdale, widow of the late Mr. John Lonsdale, the celebrated and eminent trainer, who trained the celebrated horses, Ebor, Reveller, Doctor Syntax, Antonio, St. Patrick, and most of the first-rate horses of his day. Her remains were interred near the grave of her husband, in Coverham church-yard, on Sunday last. In her day, Mrs. Lonsdale was considered to possess great knowledge of the merits and abilities of the English race-horse, and paid very considerable attention to the treatment of horses in her husband's stable; indeed, her judgment on that subject was ever looked to with considerable respect. She was mother-in-law to Mr. Robert Johnson, the talented trainer of Bees-wing, &c.

Lord Howth.—I heard an anecdote of Howth relating to his horses, which amused me. I was told that, at his seat in Ireland, he has a certain description of fence on his domain, which, so soon as his young thorough-bred ones are able to leap, completes their elementary education—his lordship giving them *the finish*. And no one is more equal to do this; a finer horseman than Lord Howth does not exist, although he does not go to the hounds in the straightforward way that some of his compeers at Melton do, or in a way that his fine horsemanship would warrant. I saw a friend of his on the Croxton Park racecourse, mounted on his famous horse *Cannon-ball*, late the favourite hunter of Mr. Osbaldeston, and a most perfect animal he is for the weight he can carry across the country. Sporting Review.

The Marquis of Waterford.—We understand that for some time past preparations have been going on at Ford Castle for the reception of this nobleman, who is expected to arrive there, with several other noblemen and gentlemen, after the termination of the Eglintoun Tournament, in order to enjoy a few weeks' sport on the Marquis's splendid estate of Ford. The noble marquis's gamekeeper has already arrived at the castle with a great number of dogs, and the note of preparation is heard amongst the tradesmen at that princely residence. From the length of time which has elapsed since the noble marquis last visited the estate, his arrival is anticipated, we understand, with considerable interest by his tenantry; and we cannot doubt that his reception by them will be commensurate in warmth with the popularity he enjoys on account of his liberality as a landlord, in which character, it is well known to those connected with his estates here and elsewhere, he deservedly ranks very high. Berwick Warder.

Hiring a Street Door.—"I went to the man who keeps the house," said Brag. "'Now sir,' says I, 'I want to rent four square inches of your panels.' He was puzzled for the moment; but I was down upon him in no time, and no mistake. Out I pulls from my pocket a brass plate of those precise dimensions, whereon is engraven 'Mr. Brag.' 'What will you take per annum,' said I, 'to let this be screwed on to your door, and let your servant take in my cards and letters?' Startled him a little at first; however, he entered himself for the plate, acceded to my proposition, and so for the trifling consideration of four guineas per annum, and a tip to the slavey, I get the credit of five windows in front, three stories high, in one of the best streets in London." "But do none of your friends ever expect to be let in?" said Mrs. Brag. "Yes," said Brag, "for a good thing now and then—and so they are, pretty often—long head, mother—have it here"—tapping his forehead with his fore finger—"look simple with my fresh color and curly hair, but as deep as Garrick—cannot write your X's, Z's with me—else, in course, they might expect admission. 'Not at home,' is always the answer. 'Out of town?' is the next question; 'Yes,' is the next answer. 'Where?' comes next; 'Down at his little place in Surrey.' That finishes it. They lodge their pasteboard, and away they go."
Theodore Hook's Jack Brag.—Standard Novels.

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING PARK.

THE following purses will be trotted for over the above course, commencing Wednesday, November 6, 1839:—
First day—Purse $50, Mile heats, under the saddle, carrying 145lbs., for horses that never won money; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance.
Same day—Purse $100, Two mile heats in harness, for horses that never won a purse over $100; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 145lbs.
Second day—Purse $150, Two mile heats in harness; for horses that never won a purse over $150; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 145lbs.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, for pacing horses, free for all; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 135lbs.
Third day—Purse $200, Four mile heats, under the saddle; to carry 145lbs.; free for all; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance.
Same day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness; free for all; three or more to make a race, carrying 145lbs.
All entries must be made by 12 o'clock on Monday, Nov. 4th, at the Repository of SAMUEL K. BAYLEY, corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, Boston. Entrance 10 per cent. [oct19]

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER.

THE 10th No. of this work was published on the 1st Oct., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:
THE NEWEST TURN-OUT; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner:
WOODCOCK SHOOTING; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner.

CONTENTS:

To Readers and Correspondents, etc. 538
The Newest Turn-out; By the Editor 539
More Collineomania; By J. Cypress, Jr. 542
Crib-Biting; By Bracy Clark 547
The English and American Turf; By "Blood Horse" 550
How to Buy a Horse. No. IV. By an Amateur 557
Memoir of Lady Clifden; By "J. J." 564
A Week in the Woodlands; Day the Fifth; By "Frank Forester" 574
Turf Register 583
Stock of Patrick N Edgar, Esq. page 583
" L. P. Cheatham, Esq. " 584
" John Maxwell, Esq. " 585
" John D. Tylee, Esq. " "
" Maj. William Jones " 586
" R. W. Ogden, Esq. " 586
Addition to the Stock of Wm. H. Tayloe, Esq. page 587
Revised Pedigree of Capt. Thomas Hoskins " "
Pedigree of Albornoz " "
Notes of the Month; By the Editor 588
Great Race at Norfolk page 588
The Goodwood Cup " "
The Bloomsbury Trials " "
The New Yacht page 588
Measurement of the Kendall Race Course " "
English Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at
Newmarket First Spring Meeting page 13
Abergavenny " 15
Barham Downs " "
Bibury Meeting " "
The Hoo, Herts " 16
Bath Spring Meeting " "
Durham " 17
Tavistock page 17
Eglinton Park " 18
York Spring Meeting " 20
Newmarket Second Spring " "
Plymouth and Devonport " 21
Chester " "
Gorhambury " 24

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, October 5, 1839.

PUBLIC SALE.

ON Monday, the 28th of October instant, at 12 o'clock, at Windsor, near Hampstead, in King George county, Virginia, will be sold to the highest bidder, besides a variety of household furniture and agricultural implements of excellent quality, a very valuable stock of thorough-bred mares, fillies, and foals of the purest and most fashionable blood, selected and bred with the greatest care, gotten by Sir Charles, Rattler, John Richards, Autocrat, Cetus, and other distinguished stallions, from brood mares of the most approved families. Among the number, two yearling fillies by Cetus, out of very superior mares, and a three year old by Autocrat, out of the half sister of the famed Trumpator, are particularly deserving the attention of turfites and breeders. Several jacks, jennets, and foals of pure blood and tried qualities—a premium jack among the number. About 50 head of pen cattle of superior quality, partaking largely of the Durham blood. A large flock of excellent sheep of the Bakewell, Merino, and Barbary breed. A number of good hogs, &c. Further particulars on the day of sale; also, full pedigrees of the horses. For part see American Turf Register, vol. 6, page 157. The stock will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.
A credit of six months, on approved endorsed notes, on all purchases above $50.
Oct. 7, 1839—[oct 19] BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE.

COLUMBUS FALL RACES.

THE Races over the *Hyde Park Course*, near Columbus, Miss., will commence the 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue four days.
First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Four subs. and closed, viz.:
1. John H. Walker names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
2. Wm. J. Horn names full brother to Highway.
3. James Clark names b. f. by Tranby, dam by Medley.
4. David Conner names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Florizel.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $590, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
The above purses are free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules of the course.
Stables and litter furnished gratis by the Superintendent of the Jockey Club.
JAMES H. McCLUER, *Secretary.*
Columbus, Miss., Oct. 1, 1839—[oct19–3t]

NASHVILLE N. C. FALL RACES.

THE Races over the *Nashville Course* will commence on Wednesday, the 13th of Nov. next, and continue three days:—
First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close in both, on Monday, the 11th Nov.
Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race: to name and close as above, on the 11th Nov.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $20, subject to the usual discount.
Letters of entrance to be addressed to Proprietor, at Nashville, N. C.
Stables and litter furnished gratis.
JOHN S. ARRINGTON, *Proprietor.*
Nashville, N. C., Oct. 9, 1839 - [oct 19–4t]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.
Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.
For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.
C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.
Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE races over this Course will commence on the 29th day of October, being the week after the Trenton Races.
First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at the time of entry, Mile heats, subscription $50 each, P. P. The Proprietors will give $50 to the second best, if more than three start. To name and close by the first day of October, and three or more to make a race.
Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, of which $50 will be given to the second best.
Second day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats, sub. $100 each, $25 forfeit; three or more to make a race, and the second best to draw one fourth of the stakes; to name and close by first day of October.
Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, of which $100 will be given to the second best.
Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats, of which $200 will be given to the second best.
And the Proprietors propose to the owners of Hornblower, Job, Fordham, and Wonder, or any three of them, that if they will enter into an inside stake of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, the purse shall be made, as to them, $1000, and the second best of them shall receive $250 extra.
Some Mile heat purses may be offered during the meeting, of which due notice will be given. All entries for Sweepstakes to be made by letter, directed to D. H. Branch, New York City. Entries for purses to be made by 1 o'clock, on the day preceding the race.
BY THE PROPRIETORS
New York, Sept. 3, 1839.—[sept 7]

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

WE the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 yr. old; Two mile heats; Sub. $200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.
We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.
The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October. WM. McCARGO, Proprietor.
Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10–10t.]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.
Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.
EDSALL & JONES.
N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16–t1f]

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday in February next, and continue five days.
First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*
Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE stakes upon this Course having closed at an earlier period than usual, several nominations were in consequence made too late for admission To meet the wishes of such as were thus disappointed, a new stake was opened, which closed on the 1st of October, viz:
Second day—3d Sweepstakes, for all 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100; Mile heats, closed on the 1st of October, with the following subcribers:—
1. James K. Van Mater names Imp. ch. c. by Felt, out of Viga.
2. Also, names Imp. ch. c. by Emancipation, out of Rosalinda.
3. Joseph H. Van Mater names ch. c. *Peter Pindar*, by Imp. Daghee, dam by Imp. Barefoot.
Trenton, Oct. 9th, 1839—[oct12] O. BAILEY, *Secretary*

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, October 22d, 1839, and continue four days

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

1. David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
2. James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
3. Col. Wm R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
4. James K. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
5. Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
2. David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. James K. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius.
4. Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats.

1. A. V. Conover names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Sister to Manalopan.
2. David Toms names b. c. by Marshal Ney, dam by John Richards.
3. Joseph H. Van Mater names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Solomon.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.

Same day, a Purse of $200, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Same day, a Purse, Mile heats.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start, —if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M.—entrance 5 per cent.

A list of the entries for each purse can be seen in New York; at the Office of the Spirit of the Times, Astor House, Washington Hall, and Park Hotel, on the day previous to each race, immediately after the arrival of the morning line of Cars from Philadelphia, and in the Sun, Herald, and Era, on the morning of each race; also at the principal Hotels of Philadelphia, on the evening previous to each race, and in the principal Philadelphia Papers on the morning of each race.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana*.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J. September 6th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Deris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

TROTTING HORSE FOR SALE.

THE celebrated trotting horse *Norman Leslie*, will be offered for sale at the Trenton Race Course on the Four mile day, which comes off the 23d instant.

[oct 12-2t] PHILIP McGUIRE.

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Two or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. | James Jackson. | Saml. Ragland. [oct5]

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of the subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,

Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE races over the *Camden Course* will commence on Monday, the 4th Nov. next, and continue four days

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds (closed).
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.

Fifty dollars will be given by the Club for a Sweepstake on each day, to be run for immediately after the main race.

[sept 21—6t] WM. KENNEDY, *Secretary.*

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen. Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary.

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors.*

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.
3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)
4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.
5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.
6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.
7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.
8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.
13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip
14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.
15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].
16. *Pantinella*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.
17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.
18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)
20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.
21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).
22. Ch. h. 5 yrs, Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.
23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.
24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, Duncan F. Kenner, George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, W. J. Minor, A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, Fergus Duplantier, T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, G. N. Sanders, A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

15Jun

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*,

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Oct. 19—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM will appear in two favorite pieces; for particulars see bills of the day.

MONDAY, Oct. 21—Last night but four of the engagement of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; SINGLE LIFE; Miss Sophia, Mrs. Fitzwillism; and PET OF THE PETTICOATS. Mrs. Fitzwilliam will perform every night next week.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Oct. 19—Bellini's Opera of LA SONNAMBULA, in which Miss SHIRREFF, Mrs. BAILEY, Mr WILSON, Mr. SEGUIN, will sustain the principal characters—To conclude with the Farce of MY YOUNG WIFE AND OLD UMBRELLA.

MONDAY, Oct. 21—Will be produced, for the first time in America, Auber's popular Historical Opera of GUSTAVUS THE THIRD, OR, THE MASKED BALL! with New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations. [The first and only opera in which the whole of the celebrated Vocalists can appear together.] Gustavus the Third, Mr. WILSON; Captain Ankerstrom, Mr. SEGUIN; Col. Ribbing, Mr. HORNCASTLE; Oscar, (her original character,) Miss SHIRREFF; Madame Ankerstrom, Mrs. BAILEY; Aroedson, (a Fortune teller,) Mrs. HENRY WALLACK; Baron de Horse, Mr. Andrews; D'Essen, Mr. Bunner; D'Armfelot, Mr. Baker; Klaubart, Mr. Rogers; Baron Bjilke, Mr. Walton; Prussian Ambassador, Mr. Newton; Christian Englehurst, Mr. Baldock. Attendants, Messrs. Everard, Barnett, Wilson. Lords, Sailors, Ladies, Citizens, &c.

The characters in the MASKED BALL will be sustained by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Messrs. Mitchell, Williams, Neafie, Henry Wallack, Lambert, J. Wallack, Browne, Jamieson, Baldock; Miss Monier, Mrs. Sefton, Miss Ayres, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Plumer. Principal dancers, Miss Wells and Master Wells. During the Ball the celebrated *Danse des Folies*; Principal Folies—Miss Wells, Master Wells, Mrs. Coad, Mrs. Ferrers, Mrs. Baldock, and Miss Singleton.

Promenade of the Characters—Grotesque Figure Dance, by Miss Wells and Master Wells—Allemande, by eight ladies and gentlemen—Pas de Tyrolese—Parisian Gallopade.

During the Opera the following Scenery:—

Act I.—Scene I. A Saloon in the Palace of Stockholm.

Act II.—Scene I. The Fortune-teller's Hut.

Act. III.—Scene I. A desolate spot without the walls of Stockholm. Scene II. An apartment in Ankerstrom's.

Act. IV. Scene I. Chamber in the Palace. Scene II. Grand Ball Room.

The whole of the original Music as the opera was performed in Paris and London upwards of 400 nights.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—

The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.

Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-10t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has drawn a good house to this theatre every night, thus far, of the passing week; for a wonder, a single star brought out at the Park, without the least premonitory puffing, has succeeded beyond all expectations, almost beyond all hopes. Nor has this lady the aid of any adventitious causes of success—she owes every thing to her extreme cleverness, and her thorough knowledge of her business. Her reception was such a one as is ever extended to a stranger and a lady by a New York audience—hearty in the extreme. The loud and incessant cheers might have moved a "young hand," and perhaps cost her her self-possession; but Mrs Fitzwilliam was not at all startled by it, and went into her character at once with ease and confidence. She played *Peggy*, in the "Country Girl"—rather a bold experiment we thought it, but it was altogether successful.

The first great excellence of this lady is, that she makes you hear and understand every word and syllable, in the most remote corner of the house, nor does this require any unpleasant loudness, or harshness of voice. This is an excellence we are ever harping upon, because many actors think it of no consequence at all. In the second place, Mrs. Fitzwilliam plays with a perfect *abandon*—a free and natural style, as near to absolute nature as any acting can approach.—This is the fruit of long study and practice, and to this has this lady incontestibly attained. The remaining element of her great success is the unvarying cheerfulness and good humour which marks every personation; she is always on good terms with herself, and therefore with the audience. We feel as we do towards an old favorite, the cordial smile which plays upon her countenance being interpreted as the sign of long acquaintanceship and regard.

It is almost ever the case with a new actor that, however reputably he may stand in the profession at home, time is necessary to give him a corresponding rank before a strange audience. Every actor has a thousand little peculiarities, which, till we become familiar with them, mar, unconsciously, the effect of the best directed cleverness; in time, these disappear, or, associated as they may be with real beauties, they often themselves become favorite points. PLACIDE and FISHER would each illnstrate this rule strikingly, and almost every actor to a considerable degree; it is remarkable, that in the case of Mrs. Fizwilliam, we detect none of these singularities, and that after seeing her play four successive nights, we feel no better acquainted with her than we did in the first act of the "Country Girl."

She will remind you all the while of Madame VESTRIS and Mrs. KEELEY; her rank in the profession is between these two ladies, though very many place her far above both. Her acting lacks the extreme finish of Vestris, and her delicacy; you perceive, in her, the source whence Mrs. Keeley drew many of her excellencies. It was fortunate for the latter that she appeared in America in advance of the two individuals upon whose model she formed her style; the latter, in consequence, often appear to have borrowed from their own pupil, till, after long familiarity, you perceive their superiority by carefully watching the nicest traits of their acting. Mrs. Fitzwilliam plays with a joyous freedom which often will strike you as broad, but it is sure to give strength to the effect she produces. Vestris failed here partially on account of the rigid correctness which characterized her style, and she was playing her second engagement before the public generally appreciated her immense superiority to all who had preceded her; had she persevered, all would have gone right, and the "Widow of Wyche street" have become as great a favorite at the Park as at her own Olympic—her own no longer, by the way, in the sense we mean, for she has taken Covent Garden for the coming London season. To return to Mrs. Fitzwilliam:—

Her singing is very much admired; she displays more execution than any ballad singer we recollect; the taste and feeling which mark her acting do not desert her here, and every night, the pit, with stentorian voice, encores her "*Pit pat, pit pat goes my heart.*" She plays in a "monopologue" called the "Widow Wiggins." These "monopologues" are no favorites of ours, whatever cleverness they allow an actor to display; the name of the entertainment we hate—the substance is worse. But Madame contrives, in *Widow Wiggins*, to elicit conetant approbation. She has six different characters to personate—the Widow herself, a maiden lady of sixty-two, a Savoyard boy organ-grinder, a street ballad singer, and two or three more things equally ineffable—she does each inimitably. Her changes of costume are the most rapid we have seen,—absolutely startling. In each character she has an appropriate song; one of them is the greatest thing in its way ever heard—we allude to the street ballad singer, *Fanchette*—it is so ridiculously true to nature that the audience cannot contain themselves, and lose one half of it in laughing at the other. It is encored instantaneously every night.

We cannot say much more of Mrs. Fitzwilliam this week; she has appeared in several characters we have not noted—in all she is alike welcomed by the best houses seen at the Park these many months. But there is one cause of her unexampled success, which it would be unjust to omit; she is supported by the best company of comedians that ever played in America. Placide, Chippendale, Richings, Hield, Wheatley, Fisher, and Shaw, combine an amount of force not hitherto known to us. The public so appreciate this, and the result has been a profitable engagement. We say nothing about the ladies in the company; we must do that in a distinct paragraph, and when we have more time to write one. The next thing for the management to do is to improve their scenery and stage appointments; the public look for a change of system in this particular, and we believe, firmly, that the interest of the house demands and that the result will justify, the most liberal expenditures for new scenery and new stage furniture.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam plays all next week, and will have good houses all the while—just such houses as Power always draws.

On Monday she plays in BUCKSTONE's clever comedy of "Single Life," which has been altogether successful in London. Those who recollect its counterpart of "Married Life," in which CHARLES MATHEWS, senr., and our own PLACIDE, so distingnished themselves, will need no further inducement to attend. Her house last night was as good as usual.

The National.—The vocalists opened on Monday last to the best house of the season; they have since been playing to rather "queer" audiences. On Thursday we listened to "La Sonnambula" with great delight. *Elvino* is indubitably WILSON's best character, and so we pronounced it when in December last this opera was brought out there. His voice is distinguished for its sweetness, and there is nothing in the pathetic music of this part which is beyond his range. There is little call, too, for fine acting in Elvino, which again is in his favor. In the point in which Mr. Wilson is faulty, does Miss SHIRREFF tower above other vocalists—she is a most admirable actress. It is pleasant to study her *Amina*, as a mere acting part, abounding as it does with the beauties of simplicity, and a perfect representation of rustic, girlish coquetry, of artless affection, of the agony of suspected innocence, of frenzy and despair, and finally, of triumphant and exulting love and virtue. Too much praise we cannot bestow upon her acting in this part, and no one who will see and hear her in it can doubt for a moment the secret of her triumph, and her general popularity. She sings the music beautifully; we have often heard it better done, but yet he must be a captious critic who finds fault with Miss Shirreff's Amina. The quality of her voice is not, certainly, of the richest or sweetest description, nor is her execution remarkable; but she is yet a most pleasing singer, and with the fascination of her fine acting, and a countenance ever clothed with an expression of gentle sweetness, or with sunny smiles, the only wonder is that the house when she plays is not always full.

The great musical card of this troupe is yet to be named—SEGUIN, with his bass voice of the greatest depth and solidity (if we may so speak) of tone, and of the richest quality. His lower notes we have never heard surpassed. He plays well, too, or well enough, certainly, for we never think of his playing, but are ever waiting to hear him pour forth from his magnificent organ a volume of melody quite unsurpassed.

But after all, "Amilie" is the opera which best pleases the friends of the National. It abounds in beautiful melodies, in place of concerted music, and these are easily appreciated by the most indifferent listener, and are nightly applauded to the echo. Mr. WALLACK has wrought wonders in bringing it out at Niblo's with so near a resemblance to the same thing at the old house. All parts are necessarily upon a smaller scale, but otherwise it was not more admirably got up in Church-street than it now has been in the short while which has elapsed since the conflagration of the old establishment.

Another admirable arrangement we must note both in "La Sonnambula" and "Amilie;" the parts of *Liza* and *Lelia*, are now each fitly cast, the pretty Mrs. BAILEY playing the former, and the sumptuous Mrs. HENRY WALLACK, the latter. Both are excellent musicians, and able to assume far more important characters than these. It is a satisfaction inexpressible to hear an opera with every part well filled; it may be too expensive to do it in this country; we certainly have never before known justice to be done to Liza and Lelia. We should like right well to see the experiment tried of bringing out some grand opera properly cast in every part, whatever the cost might be; should it then fail to remunerate the manager, he would be held excusable in returning to the old system; while, should it succeed, both he and the public would be great gainers. The better opinion is that it would inevitably succeed, and then what unmingled enjoyment might we not derive from the compositions of the great masters, to whose genius we now too often render inadequate homage, from the unworthy manner in which many of their works are presented to us.

Next week Mr. Wallack brings out "Gustavus." It was feared that the too limited size of his stage might deter him from so expensive an undertaking, but nothing stays his energy, all obstacles yielding to his activity and perseverance. "Gustavus" will be cast with all his operatic force, and while we are certain that it will draw one overflowing house, we confidently believe that the effort will be rewarded with a continued support.

We learn at the theatre, that Mr. RANGER has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and is going on to Boston to play an engagement at the Tremont. Will our Boston friends do us the favor to test our opinion of his merits? He plays in a line of business as peculiar as Power himself, and in that he is unrivalled,—no one here ever approached him in his favorite characters. Nothing can do more to elevate the drama and the character of the stage, than to see gentlemen of the accomplishments and talents of Mr. Ranger embracing the profession; for this reason as well as for his cleverness as an actor, do we heartily bid him "God speed."

The Park Musical Troupe.—We have just heard from our favorite Park vocalists in Philadelphia. The best musical authority we know of in the "city of brotherly love"—perhaps in the country—is the "National Gazette," and we find their estimate of the three vocalists much like that generally formed here. They opened on Wednesday last in "Cinderella," cast as it was here. Of Mrs. MARTYN the "Gazette" speaks in warm terms of praise, as having a sweet and beautiful voice, which she manages well. One fault is pointed out, which has been remarked here,—that she often dwells upon her notes to too great a length, a fault to which those capable of such wonderful execution, as is Mrs. Martyn, are liable. It often results from this, that for the finish of the passage, the vocalist has too "little left in her," as we say on the turf, and that the effect of the conclusion is thus marred. This is particularly disadvantageous to the singer, who for obvious reasons should reserve enough for the brilliant finish to a passage. The taste and the appropriate action of Mrs. Martyn are insisted upon with distinctness in the "Gazette's" notice. Miss POOLE had no part in which to display her talent, though the "Gazette" praises the little she did do. We have no fear for her success,—let her sing "Wapping Old Stairs," and the young gentlemen in Pennsylvania will "give tongue" loudly.

Mr. MANVERS is praised even more than he had been in New York, from which we infer with the greatest satisfaction, that he has fully recovered from his illness, and is, in voice, and action, all right.

Mr. MARTYN is named as a very respectable baritone, who takes great liberties with his part, in acting. Reform that!

Now come we to GIUBELEI, who there, as here, is most loudly commended. The "Gazette" pronounces him the best English buffo-singer who has appeared in America, and writes, even in criticising some minor fault, in a spirit that plainly indicates its highest admiration.

All this is as it should be; we only regret that in the Philadelphia papers generally we do not find sufficient notice taken of theatrical matters to be able to pronounce the above to be the unanimous sentiment of their press. In a fortnight more we shall have these singers again with us, to cheer and refine the old frequenters of the Park. Wherever they may be, success attend them!

Extract of a Letter from Paris.

Mademoiselle RACHEL has been severely indisposed, and her physician has advised her to relinquish playing for some weeks. "La Petite Augusta" (Miss MAYWOON) is to astonish the natives on her return. She has few equals at the Academy of Music, and has been offered an engagement as premiere at the Opera in Florence. CENTI DAMASON has been charming the Parisiennes, and more especially your humble servant, in the "Domino Noire," and "l'Ambassadrice;" the first-named opera has been played over one hundred and forty times; she has appeared in the "Sheriff," which I have not seen; it is attracting crowds to the Opera Comique every night of its performance. VAN AMBURGH is putting money into the purse of the manager of the Port St. Martin. He has offered to train the animals at the "Jardin de Plants" in three months; don't expect ever to see him again. Yours, C. OF PARIS.

Yankee Hill is drawing excellent houses at the Tremont Theatre with his perfect delineation of the "wooden nutmeg" character. He has brought out from England a rich budget of new "motions," which he peddles out to great advantage. He plays with less effort than formerly, and we think presents the genuine Yankee with more truth and less exaggeration. The engagement so far has proved the most successful of the season. People appear to be as fond of fun as ever, after all the croaking about hard times, the degeneracy of the stage, &c.

Boston Atlas.

WESTERN THEATRICALS.

SAM WOODCUT AND CAPT. CAHOOT, IN TOWN.

The appearance of *Mr. Balls* and *Miss Stannard*, on Thursday night attracted a full house, and the audience was fully remunerated for their attendance, with the comic powers of the former. Miss Stannard likewise acquitted herself very handsomely. There was altogether more spirit and animation on the stage than we have witnessed for a long period. Old Sol was happy from the crown of his head to the *soul* of silken purse; the latter we wish may be always as well filled as the former is. Take him all in all, he is "a good husband, father," player and *manager*, and a hard working citizen.

It may have escaped the observation of the audience, but the curtain had hardly risen half way up before we detected the presence of our friends and correspondents, Mr. Sam Woodcut and Captain Lynch Cahoot of the Gasconade big *bores*.

It was the unique costume of these citizens of Vortex which enabled us to detect our old acquaintances, in the parquette. Sam wore a long tailed, narrow backed casinet coat, light double-breasted gingham waistcoat, and slate-colored unmentionables. He held in his hand a white beaver, with a narrow piece of crape around it. His visage was intellectually lit up, especially for the occasion. His nose projected from his face in an acute angle about two inches, as if nature had prepared him for prying into something peculiarly comic.

Beside Sam, Old Captain Cahoot had planted himself and there he sat, holding his fur cap in one hand and a pound of tobacco in the other; he wore a jeans short jacket and buck leather overalls. His whiskers were redundant and covered not only his cheeks, but the region of the carotid artery. These were grizzled sufficiently to give him a venerably ferocious appearance.

Having approached near enough to hear the conversation of these worthies, some passages are here recorded.

"Sam," said the backwoodsman, "do you call this music?"

"Wal, I kalkilate I dew, and it is pretty considerable harmonious, dont you think so capting?"

"I allow it is mightily mixed," was the response, in an under tone. "The fiddles go it slick, no mistake, but what in thunder is that slim Cæsar doing with his platters and big drum. Is he gatherin a swarm of bees into a gum? Thar, in the middle," continued Captain Cahoot, "is the tetotalist big grandaddy fiddle that I ever seed!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Sam Woodcut, "that is Balls, the comedian."

"Which, that gentleman-looking, hypolutin man in silk breeches, with much of a man sorter leg?"

"That's the droll critter, and now you'll see somethin nice."

When this comedian was playing off the dissembler, in "Laugh when you can," with great perfection, Captain Cahoot questioned his Gasconade friend as to the reality of the performance, to the following effect.

"Is that ra-al blood and pain, or is it only mack torkle? If I thought he had been shot and creesed in that savigerous sorta fashion, I'd give him jessy with my butcher knife."

"Wal, now," said Sam, "I guess he's kinder playin the character of some awful critter, that dont care head nor tail about nothin."

"That's a fact!" answered Captain Cahoot, "and he is hard to head. That gal too, goes it a babies hair finer than silk; she reminds me a heap of my darter Nelly before she got married to Felix, only she wears more gauze and spider web fixens;—it must cost her a heap of money. My crap would hardly dress her out in that top notch meetin house fashion. She does shake a foot fine!"

It was in this peculiar style that the gentlemen from Vortex uttered their plaudits, while Captain Cahoot pronounced his decided disapprobation of the thunders of hickories and heels, which he said made "a worse noise than a horse loose in a cane brake."

The last conversation which was heard between these parties was in these words.

"Sam Woodcut," said Captain Cahoot, "there's only one other thing I hate in this ere crowd; some of the boys up thar in the pews have scrouged themselves in afore the gal folks, what look prime, and that I call past common and midlin wolfish. You know that we go it more pertickler in our Gasconade diggins. Did you ever see one of our people squat on a log at camp meetin afore the women?"

"Not as I know on," was the reply of Sam.

"I reckon not, my honey!" said the Captain; "but it will be so along at first, they'll larn better manners when they go a quarter to a lowd school."

Missouri Saturday News.

The Original Drawings of Audubon's Birds, at the Lyceum of Natural History, 563 Broadway.—Nowhere can a person, with any taste for natural history, pass an hour more pleasantly than in viewing the above exhibition.—The birds are exactly of the size of life, and are painted with a knowledge and faithfulness of detail that no one, without having spent years in studying their habits, can hope to arrive at. The attitudes are astonishingly beautiful and correct, and as we stood looking at a Woodpecker, who seemed watching us from behind a decayed branch, we fancied we could almost hear him peck. Mr. AUDUBON has added greatly to the effect of his pictures by introducing specimens of trees and flowers, which he uses, in many cases, to perch his birds upon. These he has selected with great taste, and executed with a skill surpassed only by his delineation of the feathered tribes. We observed, also, with much pleasure, that, in a few instances, he has also introduced landscapes in the back ground, descriptive of the home of the bird. Many of these would, alone, fully repay the visitor.

No. 9, representing a Southern scene, can scarcely be equalled by any of our most celebrated landscape painters. As this will be the last opportunity our citizens will have of viewing the *originals*, (and a set of the *copies* costs $1000,) we sincerely hope they will gratify themselves, and encourage a man of genius, who has spent a life-time in efforts to instruct and amuse them.

Since writing the above, we have seen these pictures again, and cannot say how beautiful and interesting is the exhibition! There has been nothing equal to it in the country before. Not an individual who has seen it but will assure you that he would have given twenty times the price of a ticket rather than have omitted to visit it. If it were but known how interesting it is the rooms would be constantly crowded.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, $10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, $5 in advance

For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion $5—Each subsequent insertion $1.

No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.

☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.

E L Garvin, Printer.